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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Russians are making ready for the evacuation of Warsaw. A look at the map and names of places in the latest telegrams are clear enough reason why. The last great enveloping German movement to the North threatens the Russian armies about Warsaw with isolation. It is better to withdraw in time, leaving the moral victory—a very great moral victory, it must be frankly acknowledged—with the enemy than to risk huge material military losses. The Allies have to face the fact that, in their conduct of the campaign in Poland, a very great achievement now stands to the credit of the German armies. Foolish talk as to territory being of no consequence and the retreat of the Russians being strategic and part of a plan to get the advantage of the German commanders simply puts farther off our realisation of the responsibility which is put upon our people by these grave events. The Russian armies will shortly be standing on the original frontier lines of the authentic Russian defensive plan. For offensive war our Ally has to be regarded for the moment as out of the field.

When one describes the German success as a "moral" victory, the term is purely military. In another sense the Russian defence has been a series of amazing achievements in all the moral qualities of soldiery. There is no need for discouragement or disquietude as to the final result. We have in the East an Ally who has proved herself able to take the full weight of the German machine without dismay. The story of the out-weighted, out-hammered armies of Russia, retreating week by week under bombardments which might be supposed to kill every living thing within the zone, ready always to form again and oppose the enemy, unfolds to us one of the proudest moral achievements in history.

Take, for example, the story of the last few days alone. At the start of the week the Russians seemed to be making a firm stand about Warsaw. The Germans were temporarily checked upon a radius from the city

of sixteen to twenty-five miles. Villages and woods were changing hands continually upon the Narew. All along the river the German offensive was, for the moment, firmly held, and the Germans seemed as yet no nearer to the important Russian line of communication between Lublin and Cholm. It is a pity that this last stubborn effort of our Ally was made the text for foolish announcements that the German offensive was "exhausted". The temporary check was a tiny incident in the long agony of the Russian retreat. The Russians give no point to the enemy which sheer courage and skilful leadership can deny him. The resilience of our Ally under blows which might well have crushed all elasticity out of her armies is truly wonderful. After weeks of retreating the Russian armies had the energy and organisation to seize their first chance for a counter-stroke. This last check of the German armies on the Narew—brief and unavailing though it was—showed us the undaunted spirit of Russia at its best.

On Wednesday Parliament rose for a six weeks' recess. There has been some division of opinion as to whether this is a right course or a wrong one in war time. The "Times", for example, has protested against the House of Commons rising, and a considerable number of politicians have declared on the same side; whilst the "Morning Post", representing an opposite school, has protested vehemently against the proposal that the House of Commons should continue to sit—its contention being that the House has not shown an appreciation of the war. It may certainly be disturbing, should highly critical matters arise during the recess and the public wishes to learn the truth about such matters, if there is no authority to whom to look for guidance. In that case, the public must wait with what patience it may for announcements by the Departments through the Press. On the other hand, it distinctly is an advantage to be rid, for six weeks or so, of the little gang of snipers in the House of Commons who are perpetually taking what they regard as deadly patriotic aim at the occupants of the various mare's nests they imagine now in this

Department, now in that. On the whole, it is quite likely that Sir John Jellicoe, Sir John French, and Sir Ian Hamilton, leaders and men, in their respective spheres of action, will rub along as well with Parliament up as with Parliament sitting; and this really is the important thing to consider to-day.

The new Government has thus come through its first Parliamentary ordeal, which, if not a great deal, is something. We are constantly reminded that it is a very delicate tree, and there is a natural disposition to take it up and examine its root, to see if it is striking or not. On the whole, the Government has not done at all badly, considering. It has had some marked successes, though it came down heavily over the Munitions Act compulsory clauses, and was obviously bruised and shaken. The slip there which led to the fall was that, crying confidently "no compulsion," the authors of the Munitions Act proceeded, strangely enough, to attempt compulsion with a vengeance, and in the wrong order—the impossible order. However, the new Government has to be supported; it is a great improvement on the old one, which was quite feeble and worn out. It is merely childish to deny this well-observed and known fact.

What strikes us most in the careful report made by Mr. Lloyd George to the House of Commons on the progress of his department is the painful contrast between the success of the Government in dealing with the country's machinery, and its failure, in many cases, to deal with the men. The machines are "mobilised"; the buildings are under discipline; the material is commandeered. No old habits, prejudices, and ways of thought have stood in the way of all this. It was enough that the Minister of Munitions should get vigorously to work. There was nothing here to thwart his gift of organisation. No speeches were necessary; no talk of blue skies and spontaneous uprisings and voluntary co-operation. There were just arrangements to be made for getting the maximum of usefulness out of a given amount of energy.

Then we come to quite another matter. The best way can be taken with the machines; but the second best way has been taken with the men. The human factor has been dealt with illogically, and it is still quite incalculable. Even now it can upset the whole equation. The human factor is incalculable because the men are not yet required to serve in clear and definite terms. The factor of labour shifts in value from hour to hour. One day it is $-x$. Then a Minister makes an eloquent speech in Cardiff; whereupon it is, for the time being, $+x$. Meanwhile it is in the power of the Government to raise this factor to an unvarying and level x^2 . We shall never know exactly what is the precise value of our workers till they stand beside comrades who have accepted a national obligation to serve in the Army. Then the workers will at last clearly understand their position, and our Ministers will know exactly what their labour is worth.

Mr. Lloyd George's revelations to the House on Wednesday clearly show that, in the matter of the men, the Munitions Act is not enough. We have said that its success would depend entirely on the goodwill and co-operation of the trade unions. What are the facts. Trade union rules are still holding back 25 per cent. of the value of the men's work. Individual men are not yet allowed to work better than their neighbours. Work is still speeded down to the ability of the average worker. Coppersmiths go out on strike because plumbers are brought in to help them. Exhortation and speeches (Mr. Lloyd George admits that speeches have not improved matters) will not cure this state of things. Words to-day are losing all their virtue. There is neither weight nor sting in the phrases of the orator or the Press. The workers want proof by action that the position is "grave" and that we are "fighting for our lives".

It is small wonder that Mr. Lloyd George is heart-sick at the position in which he finds himself. He tells us it is too deplorable to speak of. Significantly on Thursday he ended his speech with a spate of bitterest irony at the expense of our false "liberty" of to-day.

The rejection of the War Pensions Bill by the House of Lords will have puzzled a good many who have not followed the matter. It has nothing to do with depriving our soldiers and sailors of their money. Practically it will make very little difference to them. There happens to be a rather serious and a complicated difference of opinion as to the share in the control of certain funds which should be given to the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association. Lord Middleton holds strongly that this body is not treated fairly under the new Bill. Mr. Bonar Law holds an opposite view. It would, of course, have been possible for the Government to get the Bill hastily through the House before rising, but such a procedure would have left this dispute unsettled. It is better that the controversy should be settled by discussion and arrangement. This will take time. It is a pity that the whole organisation could not have been settled and put in charge of the funds more rapidly; but this was not, in the circumstances, possible.

In Mr. Ashmead Bartlett's account of the last advance of our troops at the Dardanelles to the right of Achi Baba we are caught first by the bravery and dash of the soldiers. There is even a danger in the eagerness with which they rush to grips with the enemy and press forward upon the least advantage. Some of our troops get too far in advance of the rest and are "lost for hours". For the individual soldier this close and difficult warfare offers a challenge at every turn to audacity and adventure. But it is one side only of the picture. For the higher command it is far otherwise. For them, each advance means—"with almost mathematical accuracy"—the loss of a certain number of men and the firing of a certain number of shells. There is the preliminary pounding of the enemy with high explosive, the charge, the re-organisation and holding of the line against counter-attacks. There is little scope for variation. The adventure is for the individual soldier and his immediate officers. Here the story ceases to be in any sense one of routine or thumb-rule. This last attack has again severely tested and proved the great fighting qualities of our Territorials.

Bulgaria and Turkey have come to terms as to the Dedeagatch Railway. All we know as to these terms is that Turkey has ceded to Bulgaria a coveted possession. What has Turkey received in exchange? At any rate she must have received good words. Further speculation is obviously impossible. We are told that Bulgaria neither pledges herself to remain neutral nor to permit the passage of contraband of war to Turkey. In this case the cession simply implies a very cordial desire of Turkey to please Bulgaria. The cession is of great importance to Bulgaria. The Dedeagatch Railway is a Bulgarian line which runs through a strip of Turkish territory—a strip lost by Bulgaria in the second Balkan War. Its restoration to Bulgaria is, on a small scale, comparable with, say, the cession of the Rhine mouth to Germany.

There is more news this week of the adventurous river expedition whose fortunes we have hitherto followed as far as Kurna and Basra, a town at the confluence of the Tigris and Euphrates. The Turks and Arabs have been beaten to Nasiriyeh and there captured—an operation which has cost us 300 to 400 in casualties. These distant operations very strikingly illustrate the wide entanglement of our interests. Many will have asked themselves: What are the British arms doing in Mesopotamia? It all has to do with Persian oil and the Persian Gulf; and, incidentally, with an understanding which was one of the first things to bind us more closely to our Russian Ally.

General Botha's speech at Cape Town on the late rebellion and the late campaign in South-West Africa is full of astonishing revelations. There is the German map of Africa—"after the Peace of Rome, 1916"—showing all Africa south of the Equator as part of the German Empire; there is the Kaiser's message guaranteeing South Africa independence "provided the rebellion is started immediately"; there is the terrible massacre of the natives under German orders, illustrating the German idea of colonisation. The rebellion is now seen as a more formidable movement than was suspected. Immense political possibilities were involved in its success. General Botha's swift action and the loyalty of all the best elements in the Dutch population happily made of it a mere interlude in a successful campaign. This campaign has cost South Africa £16,000,000. How the two races have worked and fought together is strikingly illustrated by General Smuts from the casualties. These are: British killed, 126; Dutch killed, 126; British wounded, 273; Dutch wounded, 275.

"It is a very inspiring thing to see a nation under arms", says Sir Robert Borden, in one of those travelling truths that come from the heart of a perilous time. Sir Robert has paid his visit to France, and has felt the pulse of London. With what results? There are doubts in his mind. On Thursday, in his Guildhall speech, he said: "It remains to be seen whether individual liberty within the British Isles and the Oversea Dominions is coupled with so strong a sense of duty and of service to the State, whether in peace or in war, as to make it possible for us to withstand the onslaught of so formidable a foe".

We have always held that little can usefully be said by critics and observers concerning the negotiations between Germany and America. There is a chirpy section of the Press which underlines each successive German or American "Note", and each act of the German Navy and its effect upon the American public. We hear on these occasions of American "anger" and "stern" replies. What precisely is the object of this line? It betrays a serious ignorance as to American feeling and interests. This last time, when the American Note to Germany coincided with an American Note to the British Foreign Office, it has been singularly out of place. Everyone at all acquainted with the difficulties of the American Government as a neutral Power knows that there are scores of difficult and delicate questions between America and the belligerent countries which are not at all improved by rushing to happy conclusions. Do the chirpy journals really believe they can hurry or press America to take precisely our view of things? The German Americans have tried these tactics themselves without success. America will naturally in these matters go her own way. The best tactics of British unofficial commentators is silence.

We deal elsewhere with the grave question of cotton for the enemy. But the debate this week in the Commons requires a special word in acknowledgment of the firm and skilful way in which Lord Robert Cecil has from the first handled this question in his speeches. In the debate this week, as well as in the debate of 13 July, he has shown a very clear appreciation of the great importance of this question. His expositions have been brief and clear and authoritative and without offence to his more serious critics.

The setting up of a special Council under which shall be organised the scientific research work of the nation is a sign that we are learning in war what other nations have realised in peace. This is to be a permanent institution to co-ordinate the experimental activities of the country, and to help them with State funds. It will not interfere at all with the special work and more immediate purpose of Lord Fisher's Committee. The first non-technical councillor is Lord Haldane, who here has work to do which is thoroughly

congenial. On the technical side Lord Rayleigh gives to the enterprise an equal distinction.

The account by the Archbishop of York of his visit to the Grand Fleet is another reminder of the ceaseless vigilance and readiness of our sailors. The Archbishop was struck during his stay among them by just those qualities in the Fleet on which we were dwelling a short while ago—the immense difficulty of keeping continually fresh and in good spirits, in a condition of athletic readiness, under the strain of perpetually defeated anticipation. The complete success with which the Fleet is kept confident and alert, its efficiency, the swiftness and smoothness of its organisation down to the smallest of details, are eloquently insisted upon. There is nothing opportunist about the British Fleet. It is organised for war by sea as thoroughly and scientifically as Prussia is organised for war by land.

The decision of Mr. Henry James to become a British subject is at this time an act of grace particularly felicitous. He has lived amongst us for a generation, and he has lately not disguised at all his wish to be identified with Great Britain in the present war. He himself declares his act to be no merely technical piece of procedure. It stands for his wish to belong to a nation which has an active part in fighting for ideals by which he dearly holds. Our pride in this act of Mr. Henry James is great. He stands to-day among the half-dozen rarest minds. He has brought into an art which is not too highly set among the arts to-day a mind and a style which has found a province of its own in a deliberate dissection of human emotion and of the reaction of soul upon soul quite unlike anything else in literature.

We publish this week an excellent letter of Mr. John Tweed suggesting that exhibitions of sculpture like the exhibitions of Rodin and Meštrović should be more generally held in our public galleries and halls. If the public in London is not interested in sculpture that, hitherto, has been because it has never had the opportunity to see what is being done by the modern masters. The interest in Rodin and in Meštrović has been intense, and, considering the lack of opportunity for the study and appreciation of sculpture in London, quite amazingly intelligent.

The death of Sir James Murray, editor of the "New English Dictionary", is a great and sudden loss to English letters. Only a few days ago he published an instalment of the 10th and last volume of his wonderful work. Born in 1837 at Denholm, James Augustus Murray was the son of a clothier at Hawick, and received his first education at Minto School, so that his childhood and youth were passed in the Border Country. At seventeen he became an assistant master at Hawick Grammar School; at twenty he opened in the same town a little school of his own, a "Subscription Academy". Soon his health began to fail, and Murray came south to spend a summer near Maidstone. Milder weather suiting him, he obtained a post in the Chartered Bank of India and set up his home at Peckham Rye, where his wife died in 1864. His delight in philology was an early passion, and its first venture was a grammar of the Scottish dialect. But philology did not pay, and for 15 years, dating from 1870, he was a master at Mill Hill School under the headship of Dr. Weymouth. In 1867 he married again, and it was Mrs. Murray who, eleven years later, encouraged her husband to undertake the great Dictionary. "She took the view that her husband, instead of doing a number of small things, should do one great one." No man could have been better fitted for the editorship, as his memory retained great stores of information on many subjects, and he knew what would endure. Never once did he hurry, though the horizon of his work grew larger and larger. His Dictionary is a monument to himself and to our time.

LEADING ARTICLES.

IN THE SECOND YEAR.

BY midnight 4 August the war will be in its second year, and it is natural to take stock of things and try to discover how we stand to-day—what is the general position, and what, reasonably, are the prospects of the Allies. To do this one ought to consider, first, the results so far of the war on the naval side; second, the results of the land campaign; and then see whether it is possible to strike some sort of balance to guide us as to the future and the end of the war as a whole.

The war by sea in the first year has gone overwhelmingly in favour of the Allies. Germany has been humiliated and chased ignominiously off the sea everywhere, though so long as her Fleet declines to come out it must not be claimed or thought for a moment that Germany has yet been destroyed as a sea Power. On the contrary she has to be watched, guarded against, and *continuously built against* with the utmost vigilance, and without the least stinting of cost or labour by Great Britain; this is the supreme essential of the whole war directly so far as Great Britain is concerned, and at least indirectly so far as our Allies are concerned—France, Russia, Italy, and Belgium; for our Allies cannot be expected to crush Germany without our full aid, and losing our pre-eminence at sea we lose everything and cannot help our Allies.

The war by sea has gone overwhelmingly against Germany, because (1) she has not succeeded in materially damaging our Fleet so as to reduce the superiority over her own Fleet which it possessed at the start of the war; (2) she has been completely swept off the oceans in every part of the world except in regard to submarines, whose power is mainly restricted to-day to the destruction of certain slower and on the whole lesser vessels of commerce within a restricted area. We do not under-rate the loss to this country caused by German submarines; it is only the empty-headed booster, fond of killing the Kaiser with his mouth, who pretends that submarines do us no harm: the loss is not inconsiderable, the menace is constant, and the totals, when we come to add them up, are serious from the pounds, shillings, and pence standpoint. Yet, apart from the loss of non-combatant lives, the country can regard the loss with equanimity. Especially we can regard it in this light when we remember that at the start of the war it was expected that the German submarines would be able to issue from their hiding-places and sink a fair number, from time to time, of our major fighting ships. The submarines have, so far, not been a success at all against the Fleet, and in regard to the transports, they have failed in a quite amazing degree. Besides, it may possibly by now have occurred to the Sea Lords of Germany that submarining is not quite such a safe and agreeable form of warfare as it might be.

We command the seas; and, as a result (a) German commerce, which was the wonder and the envy of the world little more than a year ago, has ceased to be; and (b) the German Colonies, which were not the wonder and the envy of the world, but which were the pride of the German nation, have virtually ceased to be. True, German East Africa—where we have done very badly—still holds out, but that fruit, too, like the rest, must in due course be ripe to rotten, and must fall into our lap. What this total disappearance of German power from the sea signifies we will consider presently in trying to strike some kind of balance. Meantime, we turn to the results and position generally of the land side of the war.

On land Germany has—to put it moderately—done very well indeed, considering the combination arrayed against her. There are people—a large number of people—who regard the plain statement of an exceedingly obvious fact like this as “pessimism”. They prefer, and they have preferred for twelve

months past, to proclaim that Germany is defeated, the Austrians desperately routed, and the Turks always more or less in a state of panic, and encamped on the chimney-stacks and roofs of Constantinople, ready for the great trek somewhere into the far interior of Asia. But this is a class of people from whom wisdom must not be expected at all. They were wrong at the start of the war because they thought it would “all be over by Christmas”; and large numbers of them were particularly wrong and continuously wrong before the war started because, despite Germany's manifest and resolute preparations by land and sea on a huge and aggressive scale, they announced that there was to be no war. Again, after the war was six months old they were wrong, rather ridiculously wrong, because they announced that Germany was now near the end of her resources, had used up all her copper or cocoa, was calling up almost the last of her reserves in manhood, and—in regard to food—was already “hungry”. They talked—and wrote—comforting twaddle. Their record in wrongness is indeed remarkable. It is worth enquiring how this class of people—who gathered through print and word of mouth an immense body of disciples, and have given the public a totally erroneous view of the war—came to be so dazzlingly wrong. They probably fell into error from two causes. In the first place, they chose and liked to believe in all sorts and kinds of isolated and detached scraps of hazard, rumour, and hopeful information; always hopeful, coming from this considerable personage and that important quarter. They pieced all these scraps together and concluded therefrom that Germany was virtually defeated, or on the point of being defeated. They were “informed” by So-and-so, of Such-and-such; and it is fatal to trust too much to information coming through even the most authoritative sources, coming from Prime Ministers or Field-Marsals, because to suck in such information in abundance tends to make the recipient trust too little to his own reasoning abilities. Information and ignorance are first cousins for the gobe mouche.

But they have erred greatly about Germany, we suggest, from another cause—namely, they have utterly failed to realise that a Power like Germany—thorough and hard-working and hard thinking in its methods, resolute and concentrated for certainly thirty-five to forty years on a set plan to dominate in the world—is bound to be efficient at the business in hand, and bound to put up a long and tremendous fight before being finished with. They could not understand that a Power like this would, if it failed in its first line, have other lines in reserve. They obstinately insisted on believing that Germany was prepared for only a short war, for “one great rush”—that Germany's plan was neck or nothing. But, as a fact, of course, Germany, having worked assiduously and intelligently at war organisation for decades, was ready for a long war, should the short one turn out impracticable.

After twelve months of war Germany, then, remains on land an exceedingly formidable and an entirely unbroken Power. She has organised the Turk into a resistance which, by drawing off for prolonged and extremely difficult operations a large Allied army to the East, has relieved the pressure on her Western battle front; she has pulled together and revitalised Austria, and has largely got possession of the Austrian armies; she has entrenched herself in Belgium and in North France to an extent, to tell the truth, not comprehended generally in this country as yet; she has forced back the great armies of Russia, and to-day is compelling them, as the result of one of the most gigantic campaigns in history, to prepare for the evacuation of Warsaw and the surrender of the whole of Poland. We wish to put it moderately, and to avoid disheartening words; but to represent Germany as anything but successful, and exceedingly powerful and menacing, in Belgium, Poland, and Northern France at the close of the first year's war, to represent her as anything but very

powerful and threatening on land generally, is to abrogate one's understanding. It is only possible to represent her position on land in any other light if one is essentially dishonest or particularly dull.

As to the future of the land campaign in the autumn and winter, the future of the three great land campaigns, we shall not prophesy now. *Nobody knows*. But supposing at any time people here should tend to discouragement or extreme depression, through the enemy's unabated vigour in the land campaigns, they would be wise to bear in mind what is the position in regard to the sea. Let Germany imagine herself, even find herself, safe for a long time from Russia; faster than ever in Belgium and in Northern France; absolutely secure within her own boundaries. Let her, further, imagine Austria holding Italy at bay, and the Turk in a corresponding position in Gallipoli. Germany, nevertheless, must recognise herself as a cripple, for no nation can be very great for long, or can prevail in the long run, that cannot put to sea; that is the fatal impotence. Stripped clean of her Colonies—Germany could survive that, no doubt; but stripped clean of her sea-borne, her world commerce—there can be no triumph for Germany in such a plight as this, and this is her actual plight to-day. It must remain her plight so long as we choose to keep our Fleet, by continuous building, quite pre-eminent, and to allow no German vessel to go out into the world—at least, to go out above water. The Fleet, as we have suggested before, cannot win the war on land, because it is not an amphibian—as the Dardanelles lately demonstrated even to the most sanguine. But, on the other hand, Germany cannot really triumph whilst that Fleet exists, and utterly forbids her to put out to sea. The supreme importance to this country, the finality of pre-eminent sea power, were not exaggerated by Bolingbroke more than a century and a half ago, when he wrote his famous letters on English history.

Commanding irresistibly the seas by vigilance and by continuous ship-building, we need never go under to Germany, however prosperously the struggle on land fares in her favour. But, it will be asked, can we hope, even by this irresistible sea superiority, to crush Germany in the sense of the Prime Minister's several great declarations of policy? Can we, through this superiority and security, free the Continent, drive German armies from France, Belgium, and Poland, as well as her ally from the Dardanelles? Can we, carrying out the Prime Minister's declaration, disarm Germany so that her military system can never oppress Europe again? That is a question that we should face and answer honestly. The thing cannot be done either in a short war—from now—or in a protracted war, unless a much more masterful and machine-true—and machine-merciless—organisation is brought accurately to bear against the enemy than any organisation we have achieved or attempted so far. To affect to believe that it can be done without such organisation is to practise a very gross deception. Mr. Lloyd George is revealing to us how impossible is the task of working with measures which go no more than half-way. He can deal with the workshops and the machines. He cannot yet deal with the men. He discovers, after all his appeals and persuasions, after all the flattery and worship of "voluntary" effort by certain of his colleagues, that men will not yet work to their full power; that coppersmiths refuse to be helped by plumbers to make munitions for the Army. These men cannot yet grasp what is implied in a national war. To organise severely—and no other form of organisation will be of the slightest real avail—the nation must make up its mind to thrust away without parley the shivering sensitives who wring their nerveless hands in agony whenever the frightful term compulsion, or obligation, or national service, is spoken in their hearing. How can the country hope or pretend to organise drastically for the gigantic task the Prime Minister has set it when the counsels are heard of senators such as, for instance, Mr. Llewelyn Williams, M.P., who held forth in the House of

Commons on Wednesday evening? The sight of Mr. Wedgwood home from the Front so dismayed him that he cried out against the member for Newcastle-under-Lyme as if he were a Prussian Junker, a fearful militarist. Mr. Wedgwood, who has lately returned wounded from the heroic landing at Gallipoli, in a most moderate speech, recommends national service. "Deplorable!" exclaims Mr. Llewelyn Williams, "a traducer of his country!" and so on; whilst Mr. Thomas, M.P. for Derby, in the same debate, amid sympathetic cheers from the shivering sensitives and the delicates of the Labour party around, upbraids Captain Guest, M.P.—also back from the Front, on leave—as a supporter of the "sinister efforts of the conscriptionists"; and, forgetful of the late South Wales strike of 200,000 miners, and the present holiday-making of Clyde war workers, exclaims, ecstatically, on the "absolute unity of all classes, sir"! So long as the nation is guided by pure clap-trap of this character it cannot expect to reach scientific organisation, without which nothing better than a kind of muddled draw, followed by a bargain, can be secured.

COTTON FOR THE ENEMY.

SIR WILLIAM RAMSAY'S admirably clear and technical exposition in the SATURDAY REVIEW last week of the various uses of cotton in the manufacture of high explosives will have made clear to our readers the immense responsibility, in this matter, of the Government. The supply of cotton to the enemy is among the first half-dozen most important problems of the war. There is no doubt at all that if the supply of cotton to the enemy could be cut off completely the war would be appreciably shortened. The problem of the Government is to find a way of doing this without manifest injustice and offence to neutral countries. This is not a simple matter. Sir William Ramsay makes this very clear indeed. Personally he thinks that to declare cotton contraband of war, for reasons which we will develop later, would have the effect of slightly improving the position; but he is not of course under the delusion, which seems to possess some of the critics of the Government, that this is a step which would solve the chief of our difficulties. The stalwart call of certain talkers and writers for declaring cotton contraband of war almost seems to imply a belief that the mere word "contraband" must necessarily shut all neutral doors to the transit of cotton. This is not so in the least. The question of cotton is not the simple elementary question which some of the louder critics would lead us to suppose. Those who, like Sir William Ramsay, know most about it speak with the greatest caution—with reserves between the lines of their suggestions which are not always clear to their readers. These critics are not at all to be confused with the people who shout contraband as a sort of swear-word against the Government.

Sir William Ramsay himself indicates quite clearly where the distinction would arise between the present system and a declaration of contraband. Under the present Order in Council cotton is naturally included in the embargo upon all German goods. All cotton suspected of enemy destination is arrested and brought into English ports. It is not fair in critics of the Government to speak of it as *allowing cotton to pass to the enemy*. No cotton is allowed to pass to the enemy where an enemy destination can reasonably be suspected. Cotton is allowed to pass to Holland and Denmark and Sweden where no suspicion can be raised as to the good faith of the transaction. That is quite another matter; and it is a matter in which the declaring of cotton to be contraband would not immediately help us. If cotton were made contraband it would, as now, be arrested and brought into English ports whenever it could be reasonably presumed that it was on its way to Germany. But, just

as now, it would be allowed to pass to Holland, Denmark and Sweden in all cases where there was no *prima facie* reason to doubt the good faith of the transaction. Cotton, as contraband, could be arrested only on the terms which suffice to arrest it now. The only point of difference would be that, whereas now the arrested cargoes are detained for purchase or restoration, they would, under a system of contraband, be confiscated. This is the only essential point of difference. Sir William Ramsay suggests that "this would act, as it has acted in the past, as a powerful deterrent to smuggling". That is to say, it would check the deliberate bad faith of traders who know they are supplying the enemy and who are aware that there is evidence against them of the intention to smuggle cotton through to Germany. It would not check the far more serious case—the real case for which to-day we are seeking a remedy—of apparently *bona fide* importation, against which no *prima facie* case for arrest or detention can be brought. It would still be as difficult as ever for a British captain to say of any particular cargo of cotton crossing to Denmark or Holland that it was, or was not, destined for Germany. It would not make it easier to distinguish between cotton supplied to neutral customers for their own consumption and cotton which is on its way to the German armies. In a word, it would not solve our problem.

Lord Robert Cecil has told us this week that the advantage—the advantage merely of a power to confiscate in proved cases of smuggling—of declaring cotton contraband of war is being carefully considered by the Government. There are arguments on the other side, of which only the Government is able to measure the importance. This is not a question between ourselves and the enemy, but between ourselves and the neutral Powers. We have to act so as most effectively to stop the supply of cotton to the enemy consistently with justice towards neutrals. Here we touch upon a matter where the competence of the Government has to be accepted as absolute. No one outside the Foreign Office has the evidence absolutely to decide upon the best way of dealing with this question. There are matters on which the public is wholly competent to advise and check the Government. Even in this matter of cotton, suggestion and argument from expert and careful thinkers are invaluable. Critics like Sir William Ramsay are doing an important public service in elucidating the position and urging their point of view upon the authorities. But it is part of the terrible responsibility of the Government at this time to be in this particular matter alone in a position to weigh the powerful arguments of its critics against the evidence it has as to the attitude and feeling of neutral countries. Some day this evidence may be known and published; and the Government will be accordingly judged. At present we are bound to allow for elements in the problem of which we are necessarily ignorant. As to this question of contraband alone we are simply unable to judge—it would be folly to pretend it—between Sir William Ramsay and Lord Robert Cecil. We would merely point out that neither Sir William Ramsay nor Lord Robert Cecil is rushing to quite such hearty and confident grips with the problem as some of our rasher and less informed disputants have done.

We have yet to learn how the plan described by Lord Robert Cecil to the House some two weeks ago is working. This debate of 13 July should be looked up and compared carefully with some of the rather rash suggestions now being offered to the public. Incidentally, the reference of Sir William Ramsay to a possible solution of the problem by a fair restricting, within the normal limits of peace, of the supplies of cotton to neutral countries, recalls a significant passage of Lord Robert Cecil's speech on that occasion. Lord Robert said on 13 July: "I do not say that some such ultimate plan of what are sometimes called 'rations' may not be devised, but it is a matter of very great complication and difficulty, and one which cannot be done straight off by a mere *ipse dixit* on the part of this country". This plan, as Sir William Ramsay significantly observes, would involve "no

hardship except to the American seller", an exception which the British Foreign Office is bound very closely to consider.

Meantime we note that the Government plan as outlined on 13 July depends entirely on the friendly co-operation and good faith of neutral traders. Thus an agreement has been made for the establishment in Holland of a body called the Netherlands Overseas Trust. No cotton is allowed to pass into Holland unless it is consigned to this Trust and accepted on the understanding that it will not proceed to the enemy. This applies equally to cotton from America. Thus the present experiment—we have seen no figures as yet to show whether it is succeeding—is (1) to stop all cotton under the Order in Council presumably on its way to Germany; (2) to pass on the rest to an association of neutral traders pledged to consume it in good faith. We are yet waiting to see whether this arrangement will show an improvement on the spring figures of this year—figures which show a scorefold increase on the part of neutral countries in their appetite for cotton.

Sir William Ramsay reminds us that the new crop will be upon the market in September. It is essential that before this date our policy shall have passed the stage of experiment where, confessedly, it is at present. Meantime the rasher critics of the Government must be asked to realise that, though the Government frankly confesses that hitherto the position has not been "satisfactory", it is far from being the simple problem it is sometimes taken to be. It will serve no useful purpose to talk as if every difficulty could be conjured away by the word contraband. One meets people who crudely charge the Government with wantonly allowing our soldiers to be killed because it refuses to put the word cotton into a schedule. Such talk helps the country not at all. There is another kind of talk equally injurious. There is a tendency among the more irresponsible critics—it is not in the least shared by the Government or the country—to talk scornfully of neutral interests. It is at the back of the minds of these critics that, after all, Germany has invaded Belgium and murdered neutral non-combatants at sea and that a little violence or injustice more or less is not of very serious account. This talk is not very deeply meant. It is mainly thoughtless. It is even to some degree, and in moments of temper, natural enough in those who see the British Fleet in absolute command of the sea but unable to shut and to seal the neutral ways whereby the enemy is supplied. But the talk does harm to our reputation, and it will not make the problem easier to encounter. The Government's resolution to act with fairness and patience towards the neutral Powers is clearly right, and the Government alone can judge of the neutral side of the question. Lord Robert Cecil's late speeches in the House are full of a sense of responsibility, and of a determination to do all that fairly can be done. The signs undoubtedly are that the ring round Germany will have to be drawn closer yet; but this must be done without offence or open quarrel with the neutral States.

In these conditions useful criticism will be suggestive, and insistent upon the urgency of the problem without being impatient or bitter. The importance of the subject must be kept before the public so that, if a need for strong and perilous action arises, the country will be in a position to appreciate the significance of the issue. Moreover, evidence that public feeling is interested and feels strongly on the subject will naturally help the Government. It is a weapon in its hands, as showing that the British nation cannot in this matter be trifled with. But criticism must be friendly and intelligent. It will only embarrass and weaken the Government in dealing with this question if current criticism tends to suggest that the problem is a simple and a straightforward one which is somehow balked of a solution by the hesitation and delinquency of the authorities.

THE GOVERNMENT'S FIRST INNINGS.

A COALITION Government in our country is like an English scratch team in a Test Match at cricket. Its members are chosen from crack rival clubs, by methods of selection which exclude the democratic vote, so that onlookers are eager to find fault as expert individualists. Their enjoyment is to be multifariously at odds with the choice of men. Who does not like to say, in a tone of patriotic self-pity, that he knows at least one county team (his own county, of course) that would put up a much better game? Detailed criticisms get mixed up in heated assertions. The man lost on the boundary at long leg is to his devotees at once the best captain and the sharpest point of his day; and other players are all this or something more to their admirers. Not only is it a team of all the talents, but all the talents are out of place. And another grievous thing is the opponent side in the Test Match. It has played together for months! In every point of the game it is ready, and not merely a coalition or scratch team.

This being the attitude of sportsmanship to an international game of cricket, there is no need to be astonished by the troubled reception that our Coalition Government has received during the first innings of its long match against Germany. No section of the public has yet had time to get accustomed to the choice of men, because the spirit of faction renewed its activity during and after the sudden downfall of the Home Rule Coalition. The part played by the Unionists after the third week of last July was appreciated by the Cabinet, but it was not understood by Radical newspapers and their readers, who looked upon their own politicians as the only men fit to hold office during a great war. They believed that a full half of the administrative brain in British political life would be of use to the State if it did nothing more than approve the work done in improvisations by the other half. There must be no criticism; even suggestions would come perilously near to disloyalty. This mood among Radicals was very talkative at clubs until it was silenced all of a sudden by the break-up of the Cabinet. The crisis was inevitable, no doubt, but ambition is very sensitive in politics, and it chafed itself into a fever while a new Government was being chosen in a lottery of mingled compromise and self-sacrifice.

To be a politician is to be doubly human, so the public was told by its leaders that a Coalition, though necessary for the common good of a great cause, was yet very distasteful to every one of them. Though they were born and bred in the same islands, it was grievous that they should have to work together in the same Cabinet. Contest had ever been, and would ever remain, the salt of British public life. Day after day this theme was discussed mournfully. The Coalition put on crape, and implied that its official stationery would be black-edged. Those who tell the nations that unity and concord are as necessary as daily bread seem rather to desire disunion and discord in home affairs. At any rate, two of the most "peaceful" papers in the country have savagely jeered at Lord Curzon and Lord Lansdowne; and no professional pacifist has given friendly support to the Coalition. These facts the public should note and remember, because propagandists are busy everywhere advocating the brotherhood of mankind and the pacification of Europe into united States.

There is no difficulty in explaining why the first innings of the Government has not been welcomed with enough enthusiasm. Several grave shortcomings of the previous Government have troubled the whole country, turning many staunch old Liberals into ardent and determined critics. Consequently, one half of the Cabinet has been obliged to consider its old blunders while the other half inevitably has been a critic in all its administrative collaboration. So the situation has been one of great delicacy, and at first it gave rise to unlucky compromise, as in the Munitions Bill, where an attempt is implied or promised to use compulsion in the workshops while no such thing is

sanctioned by law in recruiting methods. The absurdity of this illogic during the coal strike was humiliating; compulsion could not be used for self-evident reasons, and the Government had to take a very unpleasant fall.

We blame Parliament, not the Coalition. To pass a Bill that could not be used for its main purpose, the suppression of strikes and of slackness, was to lose touch with the war. Governments compromise weakly when they fear their supporters, and if the compromise finds approval in both Houses, then both Houses are responsible, since they are free to enforce amendments. If politicians would remember that compulsion in national affairs means nothing more than a compact binding the people to the State for the ordered doing of necessary public work our country would soon be devoted to obligatory self-denial. The National Registration Bill is compulsory, for it will inflict a punishment on those who may disobey it; but no household will oppose it because everybody knows that it is a just and necessary Bill. Here the compact is complete between those who rule for the State and those who obey to help the State. On the other hand, the Munitions Bill is a pseudo-compulsory measure whose compulsion rests only on those war-workers whose old and approved system of strikes has a pride as sensitive as that of the mediæval Venetian guilds. It is sectional and it begins with the wrong sections. Mr. Lloyd George says that trade unions have not yet relaxed their hampering rules and customs, and that their suspicions are busy still with the alleged enormous profits of employers. Other influences also are at work, and Mr. Lloyd George has given a warning to "plotters and plot-mongers".

And yet, when we look at it as a whole, the work done in a few weeks by the Coalition has never been equalled in a time of crisis by any British Government. Not only is it work necessary to ourselves; it makes appeal to our Allies, telling them to have confidence in our national efforts. Previously the insular egotism in British endeavours was too emphatic, too aggressive; it set our country too far apart from those methods of organisation in which France and Russia have had for years the utmost confidence. But now, at last, thanks to the Coalition, British measures have lost their insularity, and all the world sees that they belong intimately to a partnership in war. Lord Fisher's return to business as chairman of a new and very useful Committee was equally encouraging; and the presence of the Canadian Premier at a Cabinet Council was prophetic. It proved and proves that the statesmanship of Joseph Chamberlain is alive and active.

In other particulars also there has been much improvement. A tone of soldierly frankness, war-wise and imperative, has found its way into many speeches, displacing a habit of self-praise in rhetorical patriotism. Catch-words and catch-phrases had been far too busy. To tell the people that they were fighting for the little nations and for the sanctity of treaties was not a complete truth, and it caused them to forget that they fought also for their own freedom as a nation and for the safety of their Empire. "The Russian steam-roller" was another inept phrase that did great harm. It is not well to employ catch-words and catch-phrases during a time of grave peril. To-day, on the other hand, even some minor politicians—we do not refer to the midge and mosquito varieties, of course—have done good work in the House by stating in plain words what their constituencies think. Here and there some unconsidered triflers chatter about a Dictator or about a Government of hard-headed business men; but people of sense know that our democracy has to prove its worth before three sets of judges: its Allies in Europe, its watchful students in India, and its thorough kinsmen in Canada, in Australia, in New Zealand, and in South Africa. As Borden is Canada, and Botha South Africa, so our Coalition must be the British Isles—the heart of the Empire. That it should fail in this duty, or that any sane mind should wish it to fail, ought to be unthinkable.

THE GREAT WAR.

APPRECIATION (No. 52) BY VIEILLE MOUSTACHE.

THE CAMPAIGN IN NORTHERN ITALY.

I.

THE layman in criticising the course of action which has decided the Cabinet of Rome to take part in the great struggle on the Continent in alliance with the armies of the Triple Entente will be inclined to reason within himself whether the particular moment chosen for such action was wisely timed and opportune.

In appreciating the general military situation in the neighbouring theatre of war before taking the momentous decision to participate, the War Staff of Italy was confronted with a serious problem. Russian arms were already on the retrograde. Serbia was immobile. Neutral States were still wavering, and the position of stalemate in the Western theatre was pronounced. Italy could look for no immediate prospect of co-operation with her arms. She must act alone. Her people decided for action, and wisely left the hour for movement to her professional experts. The military chiefs, conscious of the penalty of unreadiness for war operations which had been experienced by the governments of the Entente Powers, declined to precipitate hostilities, and delayed action until preparations were sufficiently completed to afford a prospect of success. The shuffling off of the coil of an alliance was a matter for the diplomats.

It must be understood that Italy's one enemy is Austria, and that her aspirations assume the form of territorial acquisition at the expense of her neighbour enemy. The motive of hostility is a relic of a previous conflict. In the war of 1866, when Italy, by joining in alliance with Prussia against Austria, sought to accomplish her wish to push her frontiers to the limits of the Northern Alps, she achieved but a small part of her object. Austria, though beaten to her knees by Prussia in the seven weeks' war, was by no means affected by the co-operation of Italy in the alliance opposed to her. On the contrary she proved herself the superior in the trial of arms both by land and sea. The consequences of the war were, however, left in the hands of the dictator of peace. Italy emerged, by the terms of treaty, as possessor of Venetia, but Austria was left with a hold of the crests of the line of Alps that overlook the plains of Northern Italy. This thrust or salient into what Italians call Italy proper is known to us all by the name of the Trentino, and is a blister in the head of the Peninsula Power, and one which she has been striving for years to find an occasion for removal. When national desires are so pronounced that they demand from their Government an appeal to force for their fulfilment the rulers are wise, should they find themselves unprepared, if they can damp down the ardour of the people until the period when the expert war advisers decide as to the desirable hour of action. It would be scarcely right to infer that the flame of enthusiasm burns with equal strength throughout the provinces of the lengthy peninsula. The Neapolitan, the Calabrian, the Sicilian can hardly be expected to have interests in hostile action equal in concern to those of his compatriots in the Northern Provinces that border enemy territory and who have felt the effect of his animosity.

The Trentino is a mountainous country, bordered by steep and lofty passes, where the elements would control the period of military operations and might put limits on their duration. The rock-scarred, snow-topped fringes of the wedge bristle with works and prepared positions at every pass that leads therefrom. The snows on this northern salient that protrudes into Italy deny military offensive movements on any large scale until the month of June, and may limit operations in that region to a period of five months. On the other hand, an offensive to the east by Italy across the river Isonzo has no similar restrictions. True, the snows on the mountain tops mean swollen torrents in the valleys as a

season progresses; but these two dominant factors in war which the elements can constitute, such as snow and thaw, could hardly afford a better illustration of difficulties than was presented to the War Staff of the Italian Army. We have learnt that mobility in modern war is not represented by speed alone, but by the ability to move at all. The commander of an army has to weigh the obstacles which the power of Nature possesses when making his calculations for achieving success in accordance with the principles which should govern his conduct of war. A sheaf of alternatives which tend to obstruct the vision from the main purpose have to be brought into one focus. The perfect weapons which science has added to the means of waging war are advantages common to all armies. Guns, large and small, and the proper use of them, have played such an important part in this war that to attempt the offensive without their assistance would be to invite defeat, if not disaster. The mobility of these monster weapons is regulated by the condition of the roads or railways. They are not easily transported over mountain paths or swollen rivers. The War Council of Rome, in their wisdom, postponed the fateful hour of operations until they could be assured of an active and continued offensive. What Napoleon attempted in the months of March and April 1797, Cadorna has concluded might be repeated by postponing operations to a more favourable period in the season, and we wish him an equal measure of success to that attained by the great Master of War.

II.

As outlined in an article on 10 June, it would seem that the Commander of the Forces of our new Ally proposes to follow materially in the path of strategy of the great leader who, in the early days of his military career, was destined on this self-same terrain of Italy to show to the world his brilliant conception of what was meant by the conduct of war.

The possession or complete military neutralisation of the Trentino, the "Italia Irredenta" provinces of the Dual Monarchy, is the *sine qua non* for success to Italian arms across the river Isonzo on her eastern borders. We may leave to after days the meditation on the political problem which will be set to Continental Europe should the advantages which the Dual Monarchy now possesses in the military frontiers which dominate Italy pass to that country and be exactly reversed. It will be a clever Congress of Europe that will be able to delineate a frontier that will not leave umbrage on both sides. The possession of the courses of the Pusterthal and of the upper waters of the Adige are essential to a real effective thrust of Italian arms into the Austrian province of Gorizia and its neighbour peninsula province of Istria. Italy has a dual trial at arms in front of her, and the progress of one offensive movement must synchronise with and be regulated by successful progress of the other. The movement of her main armies across the Isonzo, whatever be their future objective, are dependent upon the issue of the contests on the Venetian and Carnic Alps, and beyond the passes over them on the roads farther to the north. Already she has scored gains on the summit of the Carnic Alps that look down to the valley of the Pusterthal near the important rail station at Toblach and made good the exits that offer opportunities for hostile intent in the upper reaches of the Tagliamento. This, however, will not suffice. Like Buonaparte in 1797 the road over the Brenner must be sealed from an eagle swoop of German troops coming south through the passes from Bavaria. The important posts at Franzenfester and Brixen must be secured for this very necessary purpose, and this effort of itself makes for a special campaign. Prolonged war and a growing dearth of men may have necessitated the use of Austria's best mountain troops for service in Galicia. This is Italy's opportunity for her active Alpini, bred and trained in a warfare that demands from men the most strenuous of physical effort.

In her attempts against the line of the Isonzo Italy will be constrained to spare the towns that lie along

its banks in view of the racial affinity of the populations. From Tarvis on the north the points of military interest running southwards are Plezzo and Caporetto. In this war of strategic railways it would be of first importance to secure the junction near Tolmino at St. Lucia, for it is here that the direct line from the capital at Vienna strikes into the valley of the Isonzo. The important towns of Görz, Gradisca, and Monfalcone are *points d'appui* for a movement on Trieste.

It would be idle to hope that time has been lost by the enemy and that they have not put up a strong defensive. Hungarian first-line troops are in evidence in well-prepared positions to the east of the lower reaches of the Isonzo. We know too well the power of the modern defensive, but the system of the parallel line of battle, as evidenced in the West, is not exactly complete in the war arena of our new Ally. Opportunity for manœuvre is afforded, and, even granted that such may not serve the intention of the leader, the fact that a huge hostile army is contained and held to a new theatre of war by the Italian Army serves a purpose which may weigh in the scale of fortune in the more Eastern scene.

Success has, so far, crowned the efforts of our new Ally in the upper reaches of the Isonzo. The struggle has been one for heights that dominate the points of military interest enumerated above. We have read of the struggle on Monte Nero, the mountain to the north-east of Caporetto which overlooks Tolmino from the north. Carrying the eye further to the south, towards the German-named town of Görz, on the banks of the Isonzo, is a height called Monte Santo, lying to the north of the town, and already secure in the hands of our Ally. A fierce struggle still rages on the Carso plateau that lies to the south of Görz, an elevated tableland enclosed by the rivers Isonzo and its tributary, the Wippach. It is the capture and consolidation of this strategic point that should afford the opportunity of creating the military buttress in the south that is indispensable for successful operations against Trieste. Railways are the blood-vessels that control the system of offensive movements in modern war, and the heart of the system in North-East Italy centres at Udine. Without the help of the iron horse we should not have read of the concentration of the powerful battering-ram of 500 guns brought up by our Ally that simply smothered the strong offensive attempted by Austria in the Carso battle of 22 July. The end is not yet. We may see a repetition of the Fabian siege warfare that has impressed itself upon our western theatre, but a footing has been gained which, if followed by effective consolidation, may ensure the surrender of an important strategic point without the bombardment of its peaceful inhabitants.

We are not within immeasurable distance of seeing in this world struggle a second combined land and sea struggle. The path of the Army of our Ally that we hope is destined to traverse the fringes of the gulf that leads to Trieste can receive material clearing of an enemy by co-operation from the guns of ships that can steam along the shores. In her Navy Italy possesses a powerful weapon of war, which she must be impatient to employ. The skill of her pilots is known to the world, and her naval war staff may be trusted to have in hand some surprises which science has evolved for the special methods of dealing with effective support on a coastline operation which must have been engineered years ago. In her wisdom Italy has recognised that the capture of a naval base is a combined land and sea operation. She has refrained from any piecemeal independent action by her warships, and has thereby avoided the severe punishment meted to the fleets of her new Allies.

We have in this campaign so far been spared stories of the inhuman methods of "frightfulness" which have dulled the name of honour and of chivalry in warfare wherever German has trod in this bloody struggle. English readers will follow with interest the paths of the contestants where they themselves have stepped in hours of peace among the mountains and valleys of the lovely country which fortune or misfortune has now

turned into a battle-ground. They will offer a prayer of thankfulness that as yet the vile Teuton has not been called upon to mark humanity with yet another stain. Shells will, of course, leave their mark upon the many snug valley villages that we have visited in summer rambles. Such blots on civilisation are open to reparation, or may remain as monuments for history. The stains of murder and of rapine are indelible.

III.

THE EASTERN THEATRE.

The gravity of the military situation, as indicated by the iron ring that is gradually being forged around the city of Warsaw increases hourly in intensity. The majesty of the struggle transcends anything hitherto presented in the history of war. It is not the numbers of armed men, counted on both sides, that are partaking in the strife that impresses the military reader so much as the splendid resistance which men badly armed and indifferently equipped are putting up against forces that fight with the assurance that a perfect administration will not fail them, however prolonged be the combat. This war is proving itself a war of administration, a war of calculation, a war of stage management behind the scenes. The inability of England to afford means to redress the military situation has been Germany's opportunity, and she has been able to pour men and munitions in an avalanche against an enemy who is perforce constrained to fight, as it were, with one arm tied to his back.

No amount of cajolery and expression of admiration of the stubborn resistance which the armies of the Grand Duke are putting up can blink the fact that the Allies in the west have failed to play their part in maintaining an even balance of the scales in the respective theatres of war. The situation around Warsaw on its north and west has become acute, and the desperate continuous fighting in those spheres may end in a position of physical exhaustion on both sides, though the spirit of von Hindenburg is one to reckon with. In the southern sphere, near Cholm, von Mackensen is being held, and, with the trials of road convoys necessitated by an absence of railway help, has found what difficulties are presented to an army suffering from impaired mobility. It is somewhat to the west of this direction of attack that danger signals are apparent. The line that runs from Radom to the fortress of Ivangorod, on the Vistula, links up the German armies with their base, and has fallen to German arms. The capture of this river fortress would imperil the line of Russian resistance in the south, though not the safety of her armies. The further retrograde of the forces of our Ally, if imposed by the enemy, will but put to the test the strategic railway system designed by Russia for the purpose of offensive on her western frontier. Let us not be deceived by the serious consequences depending upon the fate of Warsaw. We may rely upon our Ally in her estimate of the value of its retention, which she has proved by the sacrifice of, perhaps, a million of her sons in a year's campaign, which has once carried her armies to and over the frontiers of her enemy. If circumstances compel withdrawal, let us, for once and all, rob the optimist of his monopoly of claptrap in his nonsensical statements that the retrograde movements of the Russian armies have been designedly undertaken to fulfil a purpose, such as *reculer pour mieux sauter*. Warsaw stands for the heart from which all offensive operations have been directed, and as the great storehouse from whence spring all the sinews of the struggle in the Polish area. Super-human efforts can alone create a new heart.

RIFLES AND AMMUNITION.

By MAJOR-GENERAL SIR DESMOND O'CALLAGHAN.

AT a time when the man in the street is thirsting for knowledge of all things military, this *magnum opus* before me* on rifles and ammunition

* "Rifles and Ammunition." H. Ommundsen and E. H. Robinson. Cassell. 21s. net.

should be received and read with gratitude. The growth of the modern rifle from the primitive weapons of an elder day is described with much skill, and the first chapter, in which both illustrations and descriptions are full of interest, serves to show how unsparing has been the labour of research expended on this part of the book. It is an earnest of the rest. Benjamin Roberts, writing in 1761, and Stonehenge in 1859, are both quoted as throwing light on the advantages derived from the use of an elongated bullet, and their writings lead up to the *dicta* of modern scientists such as Mr. Bashforth, Sir George Greenhill and Captain Hardcastle. In this one subject I cannot help thinking that a little more stress might have been laid on the gyroscopic effect which keeps the bullet spinning on its longer axis, but which does *not*, as in the case of the spinning spherical bullet (see p. 9), keep that axis continuously at the angle of departure. By imparting a very high rate of spin to a bullet fired with a very low velocity, this undesirable result—undesirable because we want bullet or shell to strike point foremost—can be obtained. Velocity of spin and velocity of translation must therefore have a suitable relation. Descriptions of early gunpowder weapons, such as match-locks, wheel-locks, etc., bring us to the first beginnings of breech-loading arms and revolvers, some beautiful specimens being illustrated. Interest here attaches to the use by other nations, especially the Belgians, of machinery for the making of guns before we, in this curiously conservative country, began to adopt it. The advantage of the rifle over the smooth bore, and the gradual—very gradual—introduction of the former into our service by reason of experience dearly bought are dealt with, as is also the means of ignition of the charge from the flaming match through flint locks to the percussion cap. And here I would express some regret that no mention is made in this connection of that fine old sportsman Colonel Hawker, whose book on shooting was my bible at school, and whose stately remarks on the “new-fangled percussion system” (I am quoting from memory) would have been worthy of reproduction. The chapter (II.) on Propellants and Projectiles deals with Robins’s ballistic pendulum, the ancestor of the Boulengé chronograph now used for ascertaining the velocities of projectiles fired from great guns and small arms, briefly with gunpowder as a propellant, and with the struggles of the elongated bullet to get itself adopted. Various early systems of rifling are described, and instances are given of the extreme difficulties encountered by inventors who were all moving in the right direction, but whose efforts met with scant appreciation. Muzzle-loading percussion rifles and their ammunition are figured, followed by photographs of a large number of breech mechanism or actions of various military breech-loading arms of different countries. Then in turn cartridges, including that great departure the solid drawn case, present themselves, leading to the era in which bolt actions assert their superiority and magazines appear on the scene. To use the words of the writers, “The rifle and cartridge had now developed beyond the capabilities of black powder to use to advantage the improvement that had been effected. But a remedy was at hand”. That remedy was smokeless powder. The description of the initiation of nitro-powders, their composition, the necessity for stability in a chemical powder and its attendant difficulties, are all lucidly described, and the chapter (VI.) closes with the advent of the ‘303 bullet, with its variant the “Dum-Dum”, introduced for warfare against nations who were insufficiently “impressed” (the term is the author’s) by the solid bullet.

Following a chapter in which modern military rifles of all countries are discussed, and photographs showing methods of sighting and testing the English rifle are given, comes one devoted to the ammunition, and a foreshadowing of the cartridge of the future. This chapter is enriched by a photograph of a bullet in flight, showing the bow and stern air waves, taken by Professor G. V. Boys, three more, including two depicting a bullet shattering and passing through a sheet of glass, appearing in the following chapter,

headed “The Sporting Rifle—Its History and Development”. In the next the ammunition for these rifles is described, and the great advantage of smokeless powder is emphasised. Chapter XI. deals with miniature rifle clubs, which came into being as a tangible result of Lord Roberts’s “Battle Cry”, and describes the rifles and their ammunition, the latter subject being exhaustively treated in the following chapter. Some pages devoted to “Simple Ballistics” bring Part I. to a close. Part II. is headed “Practical Rifle Shooting”, and contains 14 chapters, in which shooting in war, in the field, and on the range is admirably discussed. What may be called the physical condition of both man and rifle is dealt with; the various pitfalls into which the marksman may fall are shown. Theory finds its place in the chapter devoted to the Trajectory Curve and the part it plays in practice; and chapters on the National Rifle Association, Foreign and Colonial Rifle Association—British Teams Abroad, and an excellent Index close the book. Limits of space do not permit of anything like an adequate review of this monumental work, but I may safely say that since W. W. Greener’s book on guns the subject of small arms has never been so exhaustively or so skilfully dealt with. As a book of reference it is, and will long be, of very great value.

MIDDLE ARTICLES.

THE PLEASURES OF LONDON.—II.

BY JOHN PALMER.

WHEN one pleads for excellence of any kind in literature or the drama one is almost immediately suspected of wishing to deprive the world of its lightness of heart. It is curiously assumed that excellence must needs be a dull and heavy thing. The average man humbly and wrongly supposes it to be something too decorous and too earnest for everyday use. It suggests sad eyes and a tall forehead. A desire to raise the intellectual standard of the theatre or to bring it into close touch with reality is apt to be viewed as a conspiracy of people superior in brains and in gloom to their fellows—people who are never satisfied till the public consciousness is contracted in one brow of woe. There seems to be an inevitable association of ideas between goodness, moral or æsthetic, and deep solemnity. Every critic who desires to increase the intelligence of the play-actor and give the playgoer something better than he has hitherto consented to support is sooner or later met with the plea that the theatre exists to *amuse* and not to *educate* the public.

One can hardly be expected seriously to rebut a dilemma which does not exist. To quarrel with the way in which certain people choose to amuse themselves at this time does not imply a wish to plunge the world into a Cimmerian darkness of spirit. The public owes a debt to anyone at this time who helps it to keep its spirits up. One is not inclined to be very severe as to the means, so long as there is real refreshment to be had. Recreation is essential. Good cheer is not an offence, but a necessity. Those who dislike the atmosphere and spectacle of certain public places in the West of London are not moved by a morose desire to see the nation heavy with a sense of calamity. They are merely sensible of a need to distinguish between the holiday cheer of people who really seem to be aware that things are happening in Poland and France, and people whose loud and extravagant behaviour suggests that nothing could ever be of more pressing moment than to secure a good table at the restaurant or to arrive in good time for the best of the “show”. One evening lately I heard the views of a visitor from abroad—one who was prepared passionately to admire the English nation whose soldiers he had seen at Ypres. He had read in the newspapers that day a great deal about economy, and was himself confessedly of a frugal temperament. He had also read that 200,000 men were idle in the coalfields, and that the outlook was “grave”. Then he had dined at a Soho

restaurant with a French name. Needless to say, he was completely staggered by our English "economy" in matters of food and wine, and even more struck—it was impossible not to overhear a great deal of conversation—by our English "gravity".

This, as already stated in a previous article, is not a matter of high art but of public behaviour. It is not merely a question of plays and managers. It is a question of the ability of a small and callous minority of extravagant and frivolous people to give the English public a bad name. One would be reluctant to believe—I do not believe it for a moment—that the loudness and smartness of a fashionable evening out in St. Martin's Lane or the Charing Cross Road is the least indication of the general temper of the public. The West is limited in area; and it draws nightly upon many square miles of a densely populated region. A very small minority of the public is thus able to give a false impression to the visitor. For the most part it seems a minority which would hardly have the courage of its apparent indifference if once it were challenged. A real manifestation of public temper, a little remonstrance from the Press, would check it appreciably.

Usually it can with some justice be urged that the way in which people amuse themselves is better left to their own unassisted discretion. But this is no longer so. Two or three hundred lavish spenders in the West of London will suffice by their example to undo all the eloquent speeches of a Chancellor of the Exchequer. They can create a general atmosphere of plenty in which the war seems to be not so serious after all. Oysters and soufflé as usual, followed by the noise, light and loud laughter of a stupid "revue", are things we are better without. They do not really amuse the public. They are a pseudo-dashing misreading of the inscription of Sardanapalus. They are at present to the taste of a few people who are leading—or rather misleading—the purveyors of heavy dining and light amusement to suppose that pleasure is to be catered for as in a spendthrift time of peace. They represent no real demand of the public at large, and they give to the casual observer a very false impression of the way in which we regard the war and its problems.

This false glitter and hilarity of the London pleasure-house has no reference at all to the social life of London. All that was formerly understood by the term "social life" has virtually ceased to exist. Only this public travesty remains of conditions which have long been deeply modified. Here, again, there is perilous ground for misunderstanding. In thousands of poor homes the life of the rich and responsible is supposed to be reflected in the theatres and restaurants of the West End. In normal times this gives to the poorer classes some extremely curious and amusing ideas as to the lives of the rich and exalted. At present these ideas are not merely absurd; they are an outrage, a source of friction between rich and poor, and directly damaging to the strength and unity of the country. There is more connection than at first appears between what our French visitors see each evening in the West of London and what they have just been reading concerning a strike of miners. There is, it is true, no real ground for the feeling in certain classes that the rich are preaching economy to the poor, and neglecting to practise it. On the whole, it is the rich and responsible who have first awakened to the need for sobriety and care, and a generally subdued habit of expenditure. But the evidence of this, clear enough to the man in the taxi, is not at all clear to the man on the pavement in Piccadilly Circus. The man on the pavement judges by what he sees and hears in the street and from the cheap seats of the music halls. His instinct to save is not increased thereby; his sense of the gravity of the war is not strengthened, nor is his faith increased in the upper classes.

Public taste can only be successfully ruled by public opinion. Let those whose sense of fitness is outraged by plush-and-mirror festivities, by the forced laughter which empties a man of his merriment and leaves him at last angry and deluded, come frankly out with a vigorous expression of their distaste. The present state of things is due to the indifference and hesitation

of people who can easily be made to care. They have only to understand that this is not an affair between superior people and the average man. There is no intellectual snobbery involved. There is no question of frowning upon the amusements of those who are doing their share of work, and are really aware of a necessity to square their pleasures with the time. It is a question as to whether a small minority of vacant and irresponsible pleasure-seekers shall be allowed to determine the appearance and atmosphere of places which are commonly and very wrongly supposed to reflect the tastes and manners of the wealthier classes. Spendthrift vulgarity is never a pleasant spectacle, but usually it chiefly concerns the people who foster it. To-day it concerns us all.

THE VANISHING OPPORTUNITY.

By JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

IN my last notice I gave a little space to Rachmaninoff's "Aleko", promising myself to deal more fully with the opera later. My opinion can, and indeed must, be expressed in a very few words. The music, the sheer music, of the thing ranks much higher than that of Mascagni's one successful achievement; it shows genuine invention, colour, atmosphere—the themes are often real themes; they are tinged with a characteristic Slav melancholy, to me infinitely preferable to the conventional Italian idiom of Mascagni; the development of the themes, though spasmodic and frequently disjointed, is better than no development at all; the orchestration is fresh and masterly, not stale, noisy, and bungling. With that praise ends, and one must begin to set something to the credit of Mascagni. He was first in the field; and, writing for the theatre, as Rachmaninoff did, he worked the stage theatrical tricks with a confidence and certain touch that the Russian composer has not yet compassed, nor, I think, will ever master. And, after all, as I said lately, Rachmaninoff was making a bid for a brief immortality by adopting Mascagni's methods. Having fallen below the Mascagni standard, we must reckon that he has failed in his aim; such an imitation as he brought forward must either beat the original, as Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci" undoubtedly did, or be forgotten. Presumably Rachmaninoff's imitation was forgotten until a pure accident led to its revival at the Opera House. Then we were enabled to discover that another accident—a sort of by-product of the process of manufacturing an imitation—to wit, the superior musical invention and musicianship—made itself felt. Granting that freely, one cannot say that the opera can be saved. A few years more or less of his cheap immortality matters naught save to the publisher and to the composer. The opera, as an opera, will utterly perish; and as for the music, whatever it may be compared with Italian stuff, it certainly does not possess a small fraction of the divine energy needed to keep alive by itself music originally written with such a purpose.

For the benefit of our young Englishmen who are throwing away their chances, I want to put on the pedagogue's cap and draw a moral. Now is the day when the German power is broken, and with its breaking the opportunity of the English composer arrived. He is letting it slip as fast as it can go—and because of this, and this only: he is following in the footsteps of Rachmaninoff, of the Rachmaninoff who wrote "Aleko", instead of in the footsteps of Mozart, Weber, or even the Mascagni who wrote "Cavalleria". All our composers copy Rachmaninoff: they copy him in that he was a copyist of an originator; and they follow him in trying to win a success in the theatre with music which is not theatre music. In England here the Russian music has an immense advantage over our native music. The element of strangeness predominates; the suggestion of untraversed snowy steppes and pathless frozen forests, the perpetual hint of vast distances and things abnormal and uncanny, of ghost stories and terrifying superstitions. Russian

folk-music is full of these things, and the colour and essential quality of Russian cultivated music spring from them. If Rachmaninoff, with their aid, could not succeed, how can our Englishmen expect to succeed with "Sally in our Alley" and "Tom Bowling" to draw upon? "Sally in our Alley" would serve perfectly well were it handled by a consummate master of musico-theatrical craft: in fact, any good tunes would serve. But our men have not acquired that craft: rather they have thought to scorn it; and the result is that opera after opera is produced only after making audiences yawn for three nights to step down into cold oblivion. The disaster does not end there. Most orchestral music written nowadays is of the symphonic-poem order; and the symphonic poem is a piece of opera music which can easily be written without any regard for the exigencies of the stage. That is why nearly all symphonic poems are hopelessly dull, and why pure theatre music, such as the familiar excerpts from "The Valkyrie" and "Siegfried" delight thousands of people who have never seen those operas. Their fundamental truth is felt; their sincerity and vital connection with the emotions of living people cannot be missed. But the symphonic poem, written by men who do not know how to write for the stage, is handicapped in every way. If Mackenzie or Stanford, or any other composer who has attempted opera, had succeeded in writing one truly dramatic scene, that scene would be asked for once a week at the Promenade Concerts. When once I spoke lightly of an opera of Mackenzie's as a comic oratorio, the sting of the gibe lay in its truth. As opera the thing could not be sung, because it was not operatic; and entirely because it was not operatic it could not hope to win success away from the stage: it was pure music disturbed in its even flow by the intrusion of stage necessities—stage necessities not pressed into the composer's service and used to beautiful ends, but bothering him and leading him into a morass. I wonder how many musical students have considered the reason why Gounod could set trivial texts to trivial strains without the net result being laughable. It was simply because Gounod knew how to adapt the musical phrase to the situation and to the gesture: his music, feeble though it was, was, so far as it went, true. In this stagecraft you never find Meyerbeer, Offenbach, or Verdi fail; Sullivan would often, most generally, have failed but for the presence at his elbow of a consummate judge, Gilbert. Well, missing this all-important truth about theatre music, the young men are missing their chance. The German menace has been withdrawn, but we have little or nothing to offer the public in the place of German music; we have nothing to compete with Russian or French or Belgian music; our men must either write true opera music for their operas and symphonic poems, or set to work and write pure instrumental music. If they don't, the opportunity I see vanishing will vanish for at least a hundred years; the place of the Germans will be taken by other foreigners. It may be pointed out in passing that Mr. Harrison Frewin, even in the midst of these sad times, is boldly starting another operatic enterprise. Everyone must wish him all success, and if he does not produce many English compositions, the reason is all too plain to me—there are hardly any operatic operas to produce.

G. W. L. Marshall-Hall, professor of music in Melbourne University, did not count in the musical life of this country for a quarter of a century. But one thing the war has forced us to realise is that England alone is not the Empire, and by the death of Marshall-Hall, music and music-lovers of the Empire have sustained a more severe loss than would be felt if half-a-dozen English professors died. One does not like to reckon up the number of years that have passed since Sir George Henschel (who, with Manns, was the first to give native composers a chance) produced a scene from his "Harold". Not long after that, Marshall-Hall got his professorship, and promptly became the dominating musical figure in Melbourne. His orchestra won the admiration of all English musicians who passed through that city; his conservatoire

turned out excellent students and helped them afterwards. Then he fell to disputing—a pleasant habit of his—with the University authorities and flouted them; then he quitted the University and went on with his own enterprises. A couple of years ago he came to England, and when Mr. Petersen, his most amiable successor and a true musician, died, Marshall-Hall was invited back to his old position. There, after only a few months, he has died, apparently with suddenness. If I, at this distance, miss the noble inspirer of my youth, I can faintly imagine what the appalling calamity must be to numberless young men at the Antipodes. Whether he would ever have developed into a great composer cannot be said: the fell fury with the accursed shears, snipping recklessly here and there at the strands of life, leaving everywhere broken ends, and compelling one to wonder how the net hangs together, has ended his ambitions and his high hopes in her customary abrupt fashion. But if opportunity did not make him a great composer, Nature made him a great man, one of indefatigable energy, boiling enthusiasm, a man who swept everyone who came within the range of his magnetism in the right direction. Out-soaring the shadow of our night is very well in fancy; but, for my part, the passing of such a man leaves me not a little bitter. Much remains to be done on this earth, and not many men like Marshall-Hall remain to do it.

READERS AND SPECIALISTS.

GENERAL reading, much abused, is, after all, at the root of most of the ideas and beliefs of educated people. It is, of course, better to be a specialist—read in all the original sources of information. It is, indeed, almost essential to know at least one thing well; for to have followed out one line of thought to its origins gives one clearness and confidence in the pursuit of others. It gives one a sense for the truth, and judgment in assessing evidence. But to despise general reading on principles, to refuse some excellent historian because one cannot read the Statutes and the Court Rolls, is absurd. It is not difficult to understand, or a little to sympathise with, the zeal for original authorities which possesses certain professors; but this zeal must be kept severely within limits. It is true that there is more to be known upon any subject than any one book contains; and it is also true that, when a man writes general books of philosophy or history, he writes from the point of view of his own time and character. All summaries must be intelligently checked; but this does not imply that they should be despised. It is commonplace that deep study of a subject is likely to be more instructive, and a better discipline for the mind, than a mere general acquaintance; that a man would discipline his mind more effectually by studying the whole range of Greek literature than by reading, say, Grote's "History of Greece". But this does not imply that the person who reads and forms his opinions from Grote has no right to speak at all.

The theory that to obtain any knowledge worth having it is necessary to go back to original sources of information leads, if closely followed, to feebleness and timidity of thought. It condemns a person to specialism or to silence. No one must talk about the law who has simply read, and read carefully and with intelligence, such a book as Blackstone's or Stephen's "Commentaries". He will be told by the lawyers that his labour has been thrown away; and that, unless he gives up his whole time to studying the subject, he must never say anything at all about it. We at last arrive at a state of things in which the claim to any other sort of knowledge than a microscopic acquaintance with some particular department, of some one branch of some special subject, is regarded as an absurd presumption.

The accumulation of knowledge of this kind would not be educative at all. The great subjects which appeal to men and women are those which concern

them generally. It is, happily, impossible to treat these subjects in a purely professional manner. Most useful knowledge is second-hand knowledge, accepted and arranged by general readers and observers. The statesman, for example, must be an intelligent "dabbler" in a variety of subjects—law, history, political economy, finance, business, diplomacy, the management of men. Second-hand knowledge of all sorts is indispensable to him.

Probably this would not be disputed in practical things, but only in things speculative. There are many persons who think that a man is not entitled to be heard upon any speculative subject unless he has collected by original inquiries all the materials of his speculation. They will say, for example, that no one can be allowed to give an opinion upon a metaphysical theory unless he has qualified himself by reading all the principal metaphysical books which have been written from the days of Plato. You have no right, it is said, to have an opinion as to the doctrines of M. Bergson unless you have read all the books on which opinions are founded or which they are meant to controvert. Such talk must discourage all thinking whatsoever. Scarcely any subject can be investigated with any useful result unless its premisses are drawn from several different sources or summaries which no one mind can investigate from the bottom. Summaries are indispensable. It is true that no summary, however exact and correct, can put the reader upon a level with the author; but it is equally true that no cultivated and intelligent man can read a really good summary without deriving from it a very fair idea of the truth—truth solid enough to use as basis of further thought. A man of judgment who had read with care Gibbon and Milman and other works of the same kind is fully entitled to draw his own conclusions as to the way in which Christianity spread itself over the world, even though he had never seen the original authorities. Of course, judgment is required. The general reader does not necessarily deliver himself over bound, as it were, hand and foot to the authorities he uses. He exercises a discretion as to what he will and what he will not believe. He will be careful in his inferences and allow for the bias of his instructors. It is interesting to see how successfully this has been accomplished in many of the greatest books. Such books have seldom been written by men of profound special learning, but rather by persons who, having filled their minds with knowledge taken up at second-hand, have known how to make one subject bear upon another and to draw novel and important conclusions from the spade work of the specialists.

But too often the phrase general reader is used of readers who do not read at all—except cheap fiction and the newspapers. Taken in their strict meaning one could hardly desire a better title than the title of general reader. What is wrong, usually, with readers of all kinds is that their reading is not general enough.

CORRESPONDENCE.

GERMAN HATE OF ENGLAND.—A STUDY IN PSYCHOLOGY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

94, Park Street,
Grosvenor Square, W.,
26 July.

SIR,—One of the most remarkable, and to the student of psychology one of the most interesting, features of the European War has been the spontaneous outburst of the most intense and virulent expression of hatred towards England throughout the whole of Germany. To deny its existence is as futile as to minimise its significance. It stands literally in German soil, not only naked and unashamed, but calling the Universe to witness that it is burning with a lurid fire which can never be quenched.

With the usual slowness of perception which is a prominent characteristic of the English mind, this passionate ebullition on the part of Germany was for

a long time treated as a mere exhibition of bad temper which was to a certain extent excusable under the circumstances, and which would immediately disappear when England had shown that it entertained no animosity towards the German people as a whole, its object being merely to chastise the hideous bugbear of militarism. The "unco guid" even went so far as to warn the country generally that we must on no account appear in the remotest degree to show the slightest desire to humiliate Germany, but rather treat her as a very much injured party who had been more sinned against than sinning; "God punish England," as well as the Hymn of Hate, should be considered more as a gentle and legitimate protest against England's unlawful participation in the war which was thrust upon long-suffering Germany. Even those who differed entirely from this view found it very difficult to take the German hate of England at all seriously, or to look upon it in any other way than a puerile exhibition too ridiculous to require sober consideration.

Now it stands to reason that if every effect must have a cause, and if the German mind is thorough and methodical in everything that it takes in hand, the German hate of England can be explained on psychological grounds if we have patience enough to probe a little beneath the surface. To start with, suppose we take on its face value the repeated German statement that the only foe is England. Russia and France have to be fought and conquered as enemies, it is true. But that is nothing, for the German Army is strong enough. To Russia and France Germany is willing to show tolerance and condescension—of course, after things have been satisfactorily settled. But the case against England is entirely on another footing. England is the one foe that must not be tolerated, nor forgiven, nor spared.

The answer to the question why Germany has gone out of her way to show such intense hate of England is, from a psychological standpoint, interesting in the extreme, for when understood it is seen to forecast from the German point the way in which the war will end. It is not necessary to recall the fact that the German mind as a whole had been obsessed for years with the coming war of aggression, and that their leading writers had thrashed the subject right out, invariably reaching the conclusion that Germany must be ready to strike the decisive blow before France and Russia were ready. Bernhardt repeats over and over again that a prolonged defensive war would be fatal to Germany, and that the only chance of conquering England would be after France had been laid low for ever. Even the most reckless enthusiast never anticipated the possibility of such an improbable combination of enemies as Germany has had actually to cope with in the present war. Germany has found to her cost that there is a Divine Nemesis which shapes nations' ends, rough-hew them how they will.

England was the rock on which Germany split. England was the actual material cause which shattered the work of years like a house of cards. The German consciousness which finds vent in the Hymn of Hate is thus *absolutely correct*: the one and only enemy is England. Upon England are directed German blows; upon England is vented German hate in all its intensity, in all its ferocity, and in all its consciousness of a lost cause. From a psychological standpoint the last is the most important, for it shows that at the bottom of German hate is *fear*—a very undesirable element, which at all costs must be kept down, on the same principle that a boy instinctively whistles as loud as he can when traversing a dark lane. Hate of itself is purely a repulsive feeling, varying in intensity till it reaches the passion for destruction of the object upon which it is directed. Unless the feeling of hate is well held in hand by the higher sentiments of honour and manliness, it will not stop till it achieves its object of destruction, either directly or indirectly. When hate is unmixed with fear it will patiently bide its time as if certain of its victim. But when, as is very frequently the case, it is not pure hate but a mixture of hate and fear of the object upon which it is directed, there is a passionate eagerness to do something in

order to quell the uneasy feeling of fear lurking underneath. That explains the German hate of England. At bottom there is the uncomfortable feeling of fear that the war has been fought and lost, owing to the intervention of England. Indeed, how is it possible for any sane person in Germany to think otherwise, considering that all their military writers had studied the whole question for years beforehand, and had emphasised in season and out of season the one condition on which success was possible? With her back to the wall, Germany will fight desperately, for she feels that it is a war to the end, in which she can expect no mercy. Therefore the more loudly she sings her Hymn of Hate of England, the more loudly does Germany proclaim to all the world that the canker of fear is eating her heart.

Yours faithfully,
ARTHUR LOVELL.

THE MEŠTROVIĆ EXHIBITION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

8, The Avenue Studios,
76, Fulham Road, S.W.

SIR,—On the ground that we are fighting to preserve everything that is most precious to the world, I venture as an artist to invite the consideration of your readers to a merely artistic matter.

There is at present an exhibition of Serbian sculpture in the South Kensington Museum. This was, as you know, preceded in October 1914 by an exhibition of some of the principal works of Monsieur Rodin.

These two exhibitions have done more to develop an interest in modern sculpture, and to show what is being accomplished in that region of art than has been achieved by the Royal Academy in the last hundred years, it having been the constant policy of that society to devote only a meagre and utterly inadequate space to the exhibition of sculpture.

I hope, therefore, that the Director of the Victoria and Albert Museum, realising the usefulness and importance of what he has already done, will continue these shows of works of sculpture in galleries where they can adequately be seen.

For example, the best French, Belgian, Russian, and Italian schools are at present practically unknown in this country. It is not only the so-called cultivated public that would be appealed to. What is really important is that young students of sculpture in this country should know what is being done in other schools.

Later on an exhibition of British sculpture independent of Academic control, might be held outside the too familiar limits of Academic taste.

Yours faithfully,
JOHN TWEED.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. Kipling has classified mankind into human beings—and Germans. But he forgot to add that the connecting link between the two is at times a public dispute between specialists, religious or other. Angry "experts" are never quite human nor yet generously German. They halt by the way in a class of their own. This fact has been noted recently in two or three letters to "The Times" abusing Professor Image, a man as urbane in controversy as was Cardinal Newman. Also, as you know, Sir, he has been for many years a pioneer in art-criticism.

At a time when some of his present foes looked upon art as a monopoly of easel-pictures and of sculpture destined for no architectural purpose, Professor Image was a decorative artist of known name and a liberal influence in the revival of design and handicraft. No writer on art has been either freer from frenzies or more hospitable in his attitude to differing merits. To understand art socially is to visualise the historic fact

that painting and sculpture should be efficient instruments in the orchestra of architecture. Modernised art (as a rule) has been divorced from life, has been turned into a hazardous luxury, just because painters and sculptors have catered for a very fitful market, instead of uniting their aims to the eternal needs of architecture, civic, domestic, and ecclesiastical. The comedy of painting easel-pictures at a venture, for some possible buyers and for some curtained rooms unknown, is coming to be looked upon as a comedy; and, among the writers and speakers who have brought a great many persons to this good sense, Professor Image ought to be remembered gratefully. He has never been carried here and there by the changeable tides of art's wayward fashions.

Yet he has been flouted with sneers. Why? Because he has had the candour to speak with courage as a public man about the exhibition of Ivan Meštrović's sculpture at the Victoria and Albert Museum. He says, of course, that Meštrović "has both skill and genius". I quote from his letter in "The Times" (30 June). "At the same time", Professor Image continues, "not a little of his work here exhibited strikes me as wilful, inchoate, amorphous, even monstrous; and at least one work as morally offensive. Moreover, I know for certain that I am far from being alone in this opinion; and this brings me to my point. Is it becoming that the official sanction of the Government, such as this exhibition bestows, should be given to any living artist's work which raises among competent judges extreme controversy? Let such work be submitted to the world by those keen over it in the way of an ordinary exhibition. But here at the Victoria and Albert Museum it gets the seal of authority; and, just because of that, there are many of us who feel that its influence upon students and upon the public will be a widespread and largely an unwholesome influence. Almost for certain this exhibition will be taken by them as direct authoritative approval and encouragement of what seem to us some of the most morbid and pernicious artistic tendencies of our day."

A lawyer, after reading this letter, would divide the subject matter under three heads:

1. The writer's frank expression of his own views on a subject that invites free public comment;
2. The statement that kindred views on the same subject are held by competent judges; and
3. That a question of public policy is raised concerning the use of a national museum.

A lawyer would see at once that the third matter is by far the most important. The others are honest personal opinions, and nothing less than a referendum of the art world could decide whether they represent a minority or a majority of educated views on sculpture. As criticism can never be an exact science, a conflict of opinion is certain to arise when an original genius appears. Consider, Sir, the fury let loose by the publication of Browning's "The Ring and the Book". In fact, it is a recurrent controversy, this fight over the so-called "moral" necessities of art; but in this case the fight began without a challenge. Professor Image gave his views temperately. Then bad manners, having a weak case very difficult to defend, began at once to insult him. His critics imply that their own opinions on art will last till doomsday, and that no others have a right to be expressed in a free country. What's the matter with this arrogance? Has it tripped too freely from the river Spree, or what?

And how comic is the idea that Meštrović is, or ought to be, immune from criticism, unlike any of his forerunners. Poor Meunier was whipt by cruel neglect during about forty years; and tempests of criticism have passed over Rodin. For genius troubles the party strife of principles and of temperaments, dividing experts into quarrelsome battalions. Yes, and in the long run a conflict of opinion—not a conflict of personal insult—does good. Even the flint minds of duffers throw out a few useful sparks when they are beaten vigorously for a long time.

Suppose we say that the genius of Meštrović represents the Southern Slavs and their tragic traditions as faithfully as the manful, swaggering Rubens repre-

sented the spirit and the history of old Flanders. To this day Rubens has unrelenting foes, parted from him by education and by temperamental bias. Yet Meštrović, somehow, in five-and-twenty minutes, is to win for himself perpetual peace. Why? Surely the very essence of his art is a provocation, even a revolution? If Meštrović himself desires to enter an isle of dreams free from controversy, why did he turn Rodin into a browless gargoyle fit to alarm a Quasimodo in Notre Dame de Paris? And why are his mourning widows profusely nourished? They thrive sumptuously on war and persecution. The contentment which they achieve in their bodies has a superlative maternity out-rivalling that in the women of Rubens. Does this symbolism come from the heart-throes of a persecuted race? If womanhood in art is to remain for ever promiseful of lusty generations yet to be, is Christ on the Cross to degenerate into a withered and mummified figure, a mere skeleton wrapped in shrivelled skin? Is Meštrović a new Voltaire in his thoughts on Christianity? Is it his aim to suggest in his Crucifixion that the centuries have wizened Christianity into imploring dry bones nailed to a cross? Does he mean that the ages have been hypocrites in their attitude to Christ, and honest in their attitude to the fecundity of women?

These questions come directly from the art of Meštrović. And a good many other matters, outside the scope of this letter, prove that Meštrović, more or less consciously, is a challenge to the mind of his time as well as a various master of technical methods and inspirations. He is not merely the simple, natural force that his devotees pretend. It is for this reason, we may be sure, that Professor Image has raised for public debate a question of public policy. "Is it becoming that the official sanction of the Government, such as this exhibition bestows, should be given to any living artist's work which raises among competent judges extreme controversy?"

Suppose, Sir, that four or five newspapers were to suggest that an exhibition of Frank Brangwyn's life-work should be held in the Victoria and Albert Museum. Would this idea win support from four-fifths of the art-lovers who have rallied around Meštrović?

Brangwyn, in the opinion of foreign artists and critics, and in the opinion also of his devotees at home, is freer and more spacious than any other British artist of to-day. But, of course, like every other big man, he has unyielding opponents, who would certainly resent the use of a national gallery for a display of his life-work. Besides, as great artists are seen well enough in ordinary exhibitions, there is no need whatever to raise disputes over a question of public policy by adding a national museum to the many galleries where one-man shows are held.

Far too often in recent years the art world of London has had reason to watch with anxiety the unthoughtful initiative of a very busy little set of writers devoted to a single group of artistic interests. Here is a tale to be told when the war is over.

Yours faithfully,

A PUPIL OF LEGROS.

THE NEW DRINK RULES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In your "Notes of the Week" of 24 July 1915 you briefly review the rise and fall of the crazy schemes advocated by the teetotal party, which alone refused to regard "the truce". The measures now adopted for the control of the drink traffic are indeed an improvement on those whose still-birth no one mourns, but they contain the germs of very great dangers which cannot be disregarded by earnest temperance workers.

The mountain of lies, the charges of excessive drinking against our troops, against their wives, against the industrial workers, against the public, and the charges of immorality induced by drink, though indignantly denied and authoritatively disproved, have had their effect—true, not so great an effect as their authors hoped, but still one with which they are not wholly dissatisfied.

The rules of the Central Control Board (Liquor Traffic) applied to the Newhaven district contain many excellent features, though whether they will cause any diminution in the excess which they are aimed at remains to be seen. But they also contain features that cannot be viewed with as great satisfaction.

It is a mistake to permit the sale of diluted spirits. If the customer is not informed, and is asked to pay the same price as before, he is being swindled to the benefit of the distiller and retailer. If he is informed, and pays less, he will increase the amount he purchases and himself dilute less than he was accustomed.

The Newhaven Regulations are perhaps more noteworthy for the omission of certain powers which the Board possesses, and chiefly that of running public-houses itself. Certainly no advocate of temperance, and probably few teetotalers, desire to see the State running, by means of officials and at the public cost, a highly technical trade of which it has no experience, and that in competition with persons of approved character whose capital is invested in their trade. Let us assume, contrary to the fact, that the private trader, supervised by the police and controlled by local licensing authorities, encourages drunkenness. Is the official, supervised by no one and controlled by a board of inexperienced men in London, less likely to do so?

The Newhaven Regulations do, in some measure, oust the jurisdiction of the local justices and remove the supervision of licensed houses from the local police authorities, but one of the powers of the Board, to step into the shoes of the justices entirely and, in effect, to suspend the licensing laws altogether, has not been exercised. We have heard *ad nauseam* of Local Option and Local Veto as the cure of all sorts of ills. The scares raised by the teetotal party have, no doubt to their gratification, resulted in the possibility of the removal of all local control and the vesting in a board of nominated bureaucrats of the great powers heretofore lodged in local courts. These are some of the more obvious dangers to temperance, but the chief is that entailed by the constitution of the Board itself. Totally unrepresentative of the industries it controls, constituted to some extent of known advocates of the ridiculous measures now discarded, it may be led, unless its proceedings are carefully scrutinised, into experimenting, as it can within its own regulations, in State monopoly and prohibition, both of which the Government has refused to adopt.

Yours faithfully,

R. M. DIX.

THE REIGN OF CLAPTRAP.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

27 July 1915.

SIR,—The writer of "The Reign of Claptrap" has overlooked the most pitiful claptrap of all—namely, the claptrap about "Justice and Liberty" which apparently is soon to be spouted from every platform. Those who uphold these sacred principles allow married men to go out and fight, leaving their dependants as a charge on the State, and single men to stay at home. They allow some to go out and die, and others to exploit the peril of the country to their own advantage. They compel some sections of the community to work to the utmost of their energy, and allow the others to go about their business and pleasures as usual. They allow and encourage our men on short leave from the trenches to spend their rest in begging and imploring assistance, and they allow the curious who listen to them to stand by unmoved. This is "Justice and Liberty".

In another country every man responds cheerfully and promptly to his country's call; every man does his duty in some capacity, by sacrifice of person or possessions. War profits are impossible: the rich share the burdens of the poor. The whole soul of the nation beats behind the fighting men. This is Prussian militarism, which must be beaten to its knees.

Rather ludicrous, isn't it?

Yours, etc.,

COMMONSENSE.

"AH! DID YOU ONCE SEE SHELLEY PLAIN?"

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

St. Margaret's, Malvern.

SIR,—Canon Douglas Maclean touches nothing that he does not adorn; but what is his authority for the statement in your last issue that in Branksome Pine Woods "Shelley must have roamed"? I cannot find that the poet was ever in the neighbourhood of Bournemouth; and when he left England for the last time, on 11 March 1818, the planting of fir trees in this district appears to have been in its infancy. Sir Percy Florence Shelley, his son by his second wife, only acquired the Boscombe Manor estate some sixty-five years ago—that is, nearly thirty years after the poet's death.

But if in life Shelley had nothing to do with Bournemouth, in death he and his faithful Mary are no longer divided. For I understand that on the death of Sir Percy F. Shelley, in December 1889, the heart of the father was placed in the coffin of the son. So that in the vault in St. Peter's Churchyard, Bournemouth, rest the remains of the poet's heart, his widow Mary, her parents, and her son and daughter-in-law. On his mother's death, in 1851, Sir Percy "translated" from Old St. Pancras Churchyard to Bournemouth the bodies of her parents: William Godwin, the haughty but impecunious philosopher, and Mary Wollstonecraft, the writer of the "Vindication of the Rights of Women", whom Horace Walpole cruelly and unjustly dubbed a "hyena in petticoats".

It is a little strange that Shelley's ashes but not his heart should repose beneath the famous Cor Cordium epitaph—at Rome—written by Leigh Hunt. But the unburned heart, snatched from the funeral pyre at Viareggio by Trelawny on 16 August 1822, was given to Mary Shelley. She treasured the precious relic in a silken sack between the leaves of the "Adonais". In 1878, when Mary Shelley, who had refused his offer of marriage, had long been dead, Trelawny said: "Ultimately I gave the heart to his wife, and she inconsiderately gave it to Leigh Hunt, and some years ago it was given to Sir Percy Shelley by the Hunts . . . it is now in Boscombe, and, for anything I know to the contrary, in an ornamental urn on the mantel-piece." He is even said to have accused the unhappy Mary of having used her poet's heart as a book-mark; but Trelawny was apt to let his imagination run away with him.

Yours faithfully,

A. R. BAYLEY.

CONFUCIANISM AND THE GOLDEN RULE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Manse, Bridge-of-Allan, N.B.,

22 July 1915.

SIR,—Your reviewer of Professor H. A. Giles's "Confucianism and its Rivals" surely errs in saying that "in Confucianism the cardinal virtues of Christianity are fully inculcated. Five hundred years before Christ Confucius enumerated the Golden Rule, 'Do not unto others what you would not they should do unto you'". The Chinese sage's maxim is similar to Hillel's: "What to thyself is hateful, to thy neighbour thou shalt not do" (Tobit, iv. 15), and other forms of it occur in Greek and Roman authors. But the Golden Rule of our Lord, as given in the Gospel according to St. Matthew vii. 12, is: "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them". The latter rule is *positive*, the other is *negative*; and, as the Right Rev. Charles Gore points out in his practical exposition of "The Sermon on the Mount", "One great superiority of our Lord over other teachers lies in the positive character of His teachings. His will is not simply that men should abstain from wrong-doing, but rather that they should be occupied in right-doing".

Yours faithfully,

J. A. S. WILSON.

The Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW cannot be responsible for manuscripts submitted to him; but if such manuscripts are accompanied by stamped addressed envelopes every effort will be made to return them.

REVIEWS.

THE CROWD AND THE STATESMAN.

"Politics and Crowd-Morality: A Study in the Philosophy of Politics." By Arthur Christensen. Translated from the Danish by the late A. Cecil Curtis. Williams and Norgate. 7s. 6d. net.

[REVIEWED BY WALTER SHAW SPARROW.]

WHAT is a crowd in the sociological meaning of this word? It is a group of citizens moved by an emotion common to all and conscious of this motive-power. The humanity in a thronged street is not a crowd, for its units are not allied by a common aim or by a common cause or idea. It is like an overflowing tub whose water runs into scattered pools and streamlets; it is unlike the ebb and flow of tides, whose ordered drama has a variableness akin to that of crowds. But an accident in a street, or an arrest, or some other unusual event, will produce at once a spiritual bond of union, turning a throng of units into a genuine crowd swayed in differing degrees by the same emotion.

Crowds never think; they feel and they act primitively. To speak thought to a crowd is to split it up into units, or into groups of units, as thought invades the temperament and the bias of each unit, challenging opposition from some, inviting approval from others. To rule a crowd, then, an orator must choose for his theme the dominant passion of the moment, or should feel his way through flattery and suggestion towards the unpleasant truth which he wants the crowd to accept from him. Suggestion and flattery are to crowds what steam and oil are to machines, and their power is increased by regulated and persistent use. Politicians, in order to buy votes with words, must appeal daily to popular crazes and must repeat catch-phrases, as actors repeat their lines. For a crowd is always far off from reason, argument, and judgment: it is primitive emotion, not educated good sense.

If we set aside the influence of religious creeds and dogmas, we find that men and women in crowds respond most alertly to suggestions and prejudices affecting the material interests of their families. The gospel of pecuniary success governs political crowds; and a democracy has to beware of itself, being nothing more than a number of crowds more or less at odds with one another on questions of material ambition and discontent.

The material motive in crowd psychology has been a constant drawback to statesmanship, because statesmanship is based, not on easy emotion, but on historic knowledge and tradition: it needs incessant explanation—a thoughtful thing hateful to crowds. When statesmanship cannot put fear into the purse-pockets of the electorate, when its appeals touch no primeval passion, it has to wait for power till its opponents have disenchanted the public with follies. It is not a democrat by nature, in other words. It appeals to reason and to patience, asking society to grow, not to improvise; to breed its own reform in every household and to expect little from Acts of Parliament.

Whether a crowd ought to be described as non-moral is a matter of opinion. Its actions differ widely from those of individuals. The frenzies of the French Revolution, like the fierce religious ardour that lit up autodafé, came from many a crowd whose units in their home life were good enough; and Arthur Christensen shows in astounding examples how educated men in crowds have been carried by primitive unreason into acts of barbaric violence. On 21 March 1910 the Hungarian Chamber of Deputies flamed into savagery. A year before (3 February 1909) the Austrian Senate organised a tumult of noise that degenerated into a free fight between Czech politicians and German Agrarians and Radicals. A similar event occurred in the Russian Duma just five years ago; and the House of Commons has proved that modern parliamentarism can be at times a cult of vehement incompetence. Le Bon says with truth that a careful law made by an able man cannot "become harmful until a succession of unfortunate amendments has made it into a collective

work", and therefore into a product to suit rival crowds and their prejudices. Lord Morley puts the same truth in a more evasive way, admitting that acts of legislation do not rise above a second-best. But it is inevitable that a crowd at work should muddle through compromise into a makeshift.

If wise government emanated from crowds, then orchestras would be able to govern their conductors and their composers, and armies in the field would obey their rank and file. Everywhere the many would be wiser than the few. A modern army is not a crowd, and it is often hated by the crowd. All the qualities that a crowd hates—discipline, compulsion, obedience, united action, passionate self-sacrifice, untiring loyalty to duty, and pride in consummate leadership—are the very qualities that achieve victory and peace for armed force. One reason why certain demagogues have loathed war is the fact that the thoroughness demanded by war shows up and condemns the inefficiency of the crowd, of government by ballot-box idolatry, of the multitude freed from discipline. When Mr. Britton Riviere asked Joseph Chamberlain how democratic England could conduct a war against a great Continental military Power, "Oh!" said Chamberlain, "we should have to appoint a Dictator".

Arthur Christensen had finished his book when Germany passed from aggressive warnings to barbaric actions. But he noted the political high-explosives that crowd-mismanagement had collected everywhere. His work is alive with varied and vital considerations, and we hope it will be studied both by politicians and by their motive-powers or constituencies. There is in every page good subject-matter for a necessary debate. Here and there the author flounders into error; he is too kind to the follies of pacifists, for example, because he fails to see that pacifism in France, in Russia, and in the British Isles has played the part that Germany has hoped it would play. But he does perceive that pacifism may become a great danger to Denmark and to other little Powers. The decrees of International Arbitration would be of no avail unless they could be enforced by an international army and navy. What if bargaining ambitions among the Great Powers became as predatory as huge business companies, which have no mercy on the citizen rights of little industries? What "if diplomatic pacifism were to lead to the formation of a monopolist Great-Power Trust for the trampling down and impoverishment of all other State and national life in accordance with the time-honoured principles of official crowd-morality? . . . If hatred, envy, mistrust, and fear of war between the Powers are the only bulwark of the lesser nations against the predatory instinct of the greater, it must be hoped in the interests of the world's development that hatred, envy, mistrust, and fear of war will continue."

In the next edition of his book Christensen should add a chapter on the war and its lessons. Unexpected events are likely to happen during the lean years of reaction which an excessively long and costly war is sure to impose on Europe. Invertebrates of all sorts and conditions will make their appeals to the crowd. With what results? Will statesmen make it their duty to tell straight-driving truths, or will they flatter for votes?

OLD FRIENDS.

"A Book of Latin Verse." Collected by H. W. Garrod. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 3s. 6d.

MANY the thyrsus-bearers, few the initiated. Poets were as common in Rome as critics were in Alexandria. Pliny waxes pathetic over competing bards who sought to commend their wares to public favour by recitations; which went on, Juvenal complains, even in the dog-days. And yet it is but a handful of these aspirants to fame who obtain inclusion between the sedate green covers of Mr. Garrod's anthology. We agree with him that there are only four names of first-class importance in Latin poetry—Catullus, Lucretius, Virgil and Horace. These are the *dii majores*; the remainder vary from minor to minimus. Yet, as we all know, minor and even

minimus can write well upon occasion; in our own literature, for instance, Beddoes and Mrs. Barbauld. Such of the lesser bards as have caught Mr. Garrod's eye here cut, at any rate, an interesting figure.

The truth is that in the Roman world literary ambition outran literary achievement. So it does among ourselves to-day; so it has done and must do in every age and country where literature tends to become a profession. Spontaneity decays in proportion to the growing need to fight for a hearing, whether among the supercilious idlers of the Forum or by the later equivalent of print. The poets who lived in the morning of the world, the poets of Hellas, of the Hebrews, and of the Far East, knew no such trammels. Devoid of self-consciousness, they poured forth their melodies with the freedom and careless rapture of another race of beings. Like Wordsworth's feathered singer, they

"Let loose their carols when they chose,
Were silent at their will."

It was quite otherwise at Rome, where competition and criticism were rampant and true poetic genius was rare. The general Roman character was practical to the verge of materialism; it is almost touching to find so many adventurers trying to soar above their natural limitations. Very likely many of the august reciters mistook metre for poetry, and thought they had done all when their verses scanned, just as to-day there are writers who mistake rhyme for inspiration; yet they meant well, and their failure was not lacking in nobility of motive.

The scholarly individual who takes up this book—and we hope that many will—may probably pass over the hundred pages or so which are occupied by his more familiar friends, the "quattuorvirate" as Mr. Garrod calls them, in quest of such flashes of wit and wisdom as the lesser luminaries may afford. Here, then, is Nævius, lamenting that his decease must mean the decay of good Latin. Is not that a Roman touch? The Romans, when they attained to eminence, were so obtrusively conscious of it—so ready to ask, as one of their statesmen did, "When will the State see another citizen like me?" Here too is Ennius, with his heavy undeveloped hexameters, which the school-boy would imitate at his peril. Solid and good, but he seems to shout at one. Here is Cicero, the most lovable of his generation, despite his foibles; but he figures only in translations from the Greek, which, for his literary reputation, is perhaps as well. The honeyed and soporific couplets of Ovid are followed by a noble address to Justice from the pen of Germanicus, the heroic and ill-starred. Here is Martial pleasantly assuring the schoolmaster that if boys keep their health in the hot weather nothing more should be demanded of them; and here Propertius, as provokingly and intentionally obscure as Robert Browning at his worst. Not to proceed further with a catalogue of names, we can spare a moment's wonder over the anonymity of that veritable masterpiece, the "Pervigilum Veneris", with its haunting trochaics. An early death one thinks, must have befallen its author, else was he a single-speech Hamilton, a single-poem Wolfe. There is not a page in this volume but throws some light on that massive, imposing, grandiose Roman civilisation, which in turn fascinates and repels, uplifts and disappoints, touches and horrifies. And from the lesser and conflicting writers the casual reader, if sated or discouraged, can return with a sigh of relief to the placid workaday wisdom of Horace and the noble yearnings of Virgil the magician.

UNITED RUSSIA.

"Russia and Democracy." By G. de Wesselitsky. With a Preface by Henry Cust. Heinemann. 1s.

MR. HENRY CUST, eloquently introducing this concise study of two hundred years of Russian history, goes at once to the main truth of the war so far as it concerns our Eastern Ally. In a deeper sense than Great Britain, in a deeper sense even than France, Russia is now "getting rid of Germany". France's preoccupation with Germany—the period of her life in

the shadow of Prussia, is not much more than a generation old. But Russia has for two centuries been permeated and corrupted through and through by German influence. There is hardly a mistake she has made, hardly a mischief she has suffered, which cannot be directly traced to the active selfishness and ingratitude of her neighbour. As Mr. Cust writes in his preface: "two long centuries of reaction, of intrigue, of exploitation, and of false sacrifice are going up in gunpowder along the banks of the San". These are vivid words, but they are not too vivid for the sober history here unfolded so tersely by M. de Wesselitsky.

This is no tract of one whom the Germans have tried to discountenance as a "Panslavist". He was a friend of Bismarck as well as of Leo XII. He writes almost starkly of events and facts, without exclamation, presenting them in their long, disastrous sequence as the best witness for his country as against her enemy. The English public is not well read in Russian history. We hope this book will be widely studied, and cause our people to realise the way in which Russian politics have been misled and pulled awry for so many generations—how a people which is democratic and excessively peaceful until their sentiments and race and religion are aggressively wounded, has often appeared in another character in her diplomacy and constitution. There are less than a hundred pages to this book; but they are highly explosive for the many popular mistakes and prejudices which still linger among us as to the character of our Ally. Reading this short story of Russia's past, the significance of the present war for Russia's future renaissance appears even greater than many of us yet suspected.

The dream of every great Russian has been the union of Russia under a People's Tsar. The people of Russia must be understood as mainly the peasants of Russia, whose life is in their local councils and communities. The dream of a united Russia has been thwarted at every step by the neighbourhood of another State more firmly organised, more in touch with the industrial and scientific civilisation of the West. The neighbourhood of Prussia has exercised a fatal hypnosis upon the Russian governing class and upon some of her strongest Emperors. Time after time the loyalty of Russia to her German friends, her lavish generosity towards the German intruder, the preference of German over native interests, has been repaid with insolence and bad faith. We have only to remember Peter III.'s boundless devotion to Frederick II. and the absolute trust of Alexander II. in William I., and the fashion in which their services were repaid, to marvel at the complaisance of Russian policy. This can only be understood by the glamour exercised by German progress and efficiency over Petrograd and the educated Russian bureaucrat. For generations the German influence has persisted in checking the national development of Russia upon the lines of her national temperament, and has deliberately used Russia for her own purposes. The history of Poland gives proof and edge to a long story.

Incidentally we realise the falsehood of the German plea that Prussia has lived in terror of Russian aggression. Russia has ever been harnessed to the chariot of Prussia. Not fear of Russia but anger at signs of the Russias' gradual release from the German thrall has determined the late policy of Germany towards the Slav races. The war will complete this release and inaugurate a new era in Russia. St. Petersburg, whose foundation and career have hitherto been associated closely with the German "penetration" of Russian trade, society and politics, will be seen after the war to have changed more than its name. M. de Wesselitsky speaks in this book of the "great acts of a great reign". Nicholas II. has at last united the country under a People's Tsar whose first great effort will consonantly be to get rid of Germany from within her borders. After that there will assuredly be a period of peaceful and constitutional development in all directions. The autonomy of Poland—a reform on which every Russian is agreed to-day—will undo an error inspired by the same evil Power which to-day is

holding fast to Belgium. This is but the first of a long series of "reforms" of which Russia is thinking to-day. These further reforms are almost all contained in the formula now being worked out in strife upon the Polish frontier—Russia is "getting rid of Germany".

THE ANCIENT EAST.

"The Excavations at Babylon." By Robert Koldewey. Translated by Agnes S. Johns. Macmillan. 21s. net.

"A Pilgrim's Scrip." By R. Campbell Thompson. Lane. 12s. 6d. net.

ALTHOUGH neither sentiment nor study can fill a great place in a world at war, it must be a relief to many if they can stray for a few hours into the fairy-land of history, away from the darkness veiling the future, behind the darkness that obscures the past. These two books—the work of men who, in Babylon and Nineveh, have sought the secrets of mysterious ages—should have a special interest now. War has touched Asia Minor at both ends. The land of dead Empires is again in the thoughts of men, for living nations struggle there for life. It is excellent to turn from "newspapers" to these books, the one written by an Englishman whose travels and labours have extended over a wide part of the Near East; the other by a German whose mission it has been to sift the dust of King Nebuchadnezzar's city. The change of view is abrupt and startling to the ordinary man, but to the explorers of vanished epochs it may seem less terribly strange. They, at least, can have had no illusions about the permanence of powers and the stability of human effort. Mesopotamia and Syria may have new masters to-morrow, but in the past they have had many. The excavators of Babylon can bear witness how they have found cemeteries rising one above the other—new ones rising where old ones have decayed. On the place where the great house of Nabopolassar stood, the greater palace of Nebuchadnezzar was built, and the tale continues to our days.

The man or woman who can hear the names of the old kings and kingdoms of the East without sense of awe and fascination must be a creature dead in imagination. Probably that is why we expect so much from these books, and in reading them gradually become conscious of disappointment and a certain irritation. Herr Koldewey's account of careful and patient labours is, in its way, admirable; yet its total lack of spirit is depressing. Babylon, imaged in many dreams, is here given us with a foot-rule. No hint appears that these German archaeologists ever saw anything that they could not measure, and it is hard not to picture them as undertakers in professional charge of a corpse. Much must be allowed to the zeal of historical inquiry and original research, yet, when the magnificent past is made to yield its mysteries to shovel and point of pick, something more than bricks and bones should surely be brought to light. Between the right of the dead to rest in peace and the claim of the living to exploit the whole earth for knowledge and profit there is eternal antagonism. New graves are held sacred, but passage of time alters the common view, and few are sensitive enough to resent the opening of tombs which have been closed for a few centuries. Certainly the excavators will go on with their work; but they must bring love as well as learning to their diggings. The books they write should be as vivid as the colour of the tiles on the walls of the Processional Way in Babylon, for it is not enough to know that the golden image of Merodach stood forty feet in height or that there were twelve books in the Epic of Gilgamesh. If they cannot find life in the dust they handle, their labour is vanity and impertinence.

Mr. Campbell Thompson's book, it is evident, has been designed for a wider public than can be expected to read Herr Koldewey's more scientific work. Of his archaeological work, indeed, the author says comparatively little; but that little is of considerable interest. Possibly for the pleasure of those who like a breezy

narrative of travel in little known lands, he is as a rule more concerned to write of the living races among whom he has been. Whatever the author's motive, however, it is decidedly right to show some connection between the ages, and we feel that "A Pilgrim's Scrip" would have been capital reading but for its affectations of style. Swinging perilously by rope and cradle, Mr. Thompson has copied from the wall of rock at Behistun the inscriptions made for Darius, "King of Kings". He has dug in Nineveh, wandered in Sinai, dug again in Egypt. Also he has cast a fly in Euphrates where "the eddies curl in little whirlpools as Chaldean sculptors graved them for the noble Asnapper". Here, unmistakably, we have a human scholar and one who might—and does—make the dead bones live. It is a pity Mr. Thompson should revel in inverted sentences and archaic verbiage, and should at times be unintelligible, when he can write sound and sober English.

FUN AS ACROBAT.

"Bealby." By H. G. Wells. Methuen. 6s.

KNOCKABOUT business on the stage is always highly diverting, but it is possible to have too much of it. Even the Two Macs—now, alas! no longer with us, who had something like genius for this kind of entertainment—would have palled had we been compelled to watch them for an entire evening. "Bealby" is excellent fooling. Here we have the engaging spectacle of Mr. H. G. Wells letting himself go, and, as might be expected, there are no half measures about it. His is a perfect orgy of wild irresponsibility. He is no longer the pale prophet foretelling the woes that are to come. He has forsaken the rôle of the preacher who knows just how wrong we all are and how to set us right. He is just the funny man, prepared to clown it boisterously and determined to make us laugh at all costs.

"Art" Bealby, the kitchen-boy, *alias* Duk Maltravers, *alias* Ed rightful Earl Shonts, is a delightful figure of fun, an irrepressible gamin with a fund of Cockney humour, but when in the early chapters of the book he butts the pompous Hegelian Lord Chancellor in the back just as that illustrious person is surreptitiously conveying a syphon and a decanter of whisky to his bedroom we have really had the best of him. His later adventures seem a little artificial, and, although he is always being knocked about or knocking someone else about, he becomes somewhat tiresome before we reach page 336. "Bealby" as a short story would have been well enough. As a long novel it palls. And yet Mr. Wells condescends to every device for keeping the reader amused. The fun is furious. Men and women are always rushing about and tumbling over one another with Bealby as the cause of it all. In the inevitable preliminary note to the reader Mr. Wells aims at exciting or assuaging curiosity by assuring us that his Lord Chancellor who reads Hegel, and who is interested in the *Poltergeist*, is not the Lord Chancellor we wot of. Lord Haldane must be very comforted by this disclaimer, as also by the fact that it is made the occasion of a dedication to him that lacks nothing in adulation. And the real reason why Mr. Wells made his figure of fun Lord Chancellor instead of, for example, Lord Chief Justice was because he would "rather be burnt alive than omit a little jest" he had made about the Great Seal. Here is the jest for which Mr. Wells would so cheerfully go to the stake:

"Mrs. Timbre . . . had asked wasn't it a dreadful anxiety always to have the Great Seal to mind?"

WAR AND THE CHURCH.

"So As By Fire: Notes on the War." By Henry Scott Holland, D.D., D.Litt. Wells Gardner, Darton. 1s. net.

HERE is a little great book that soldiers ought to carry in their kits, and that women should keep by their bedside. There are seventeen brief

chapters big with courage and thought and faith; not a shade of gloom chills this friendly preacher's truth-seeking. To read what any mind has to say about the dread mysteries of strife will ever be a searching test both of the writer's candour and of the reader's attitude to life and to lives. All day long, from year's end to year's end, terrible facts are evident everywhere. Organic life feeds on organic lives, or else on living things that put forth flowers and fruits. Every human enterprise, and most of our human sports, claim and take a battle-toll of casualties. The cutting of a great canal, such as the one at Suez, is a campaign, if we count the percentage of deaths and disablements. Not a town could exist if men and women declined to pay the toll on life and on health that work and its vicissitudes impose. Living and dying are but phases of a multiform strife that the finite mind of man cannot explain; but when strife comes to a supreme crisis—in a devastating earthquake, or a typhoon, or a vast sea disaster, or a terrible mine explosion, or a great war—ordinary minds are frightened into thought, and the weak and foolish question the worth of religious faiths. Then the clergy should speak with candour and courage, like Dr. Scott Holland, who considers war in its relation to Christianity.

Dr. Scott Holland, in his minor chapters, such as "A Visit to France" and "Shakespeare's Men", has many excellent things to say. He tells his countrymen to "retain the English irony which, at once, kills any attempt at the 'pose'". For a long time now posing has been an English characteristic, shown in fads, in cranks, in frenzied crazes over games, and in a contempt for all serious thinking. Posing enabled us to see nothing dangerous in the German menace; and during the war the public has posed over many insular prejudices and follies instead of trying to understand that the frontiers of France and Russia and Belgium have been British frontiers also.

QUARTERLIES.

"The Edinburgh Review." This number is of great interest and value for two articles alone. An anonymous authority writes with great force and clearness of the effects of the war upon capital and of the position in which we shall probably find ourselves after the war. This writer's exposition is expert but entirely simple. Bagehot once showed how finance and economy could be written of in English without any of the curious argot out of which financial articles have usually to be translated. This writer has learned this same lesson for himself. His conclusions are supported by the last article in the Review—an article upon economic endurance by the editor himself. Mr. Harold Cox served recently upon an important deputation to the Prime Minister which urged upon the Government the necessity of new taxation. The burden of Mr. Cox's able speech on that occasion is here greatly reinforced. Mr. Cox does not alone talk vaguely of economy and the national need to save and keep our credit good. He has many specific things to recommend, showing himself thereby a critic anxious to help rather than to embarrass the Government. There is now a conviction growing in every class that taxation at present is extremely inadequate. We are paying for the war by very heavy mortgages upon the future. Taxation will almost immediately have to be increased and broadened in every direction. As good objects for taxation, for reasons social and economic, Mr. Cox suggests a number of articles of imported luxury. He shows what can be done by way of increased taxation upon tea, sugar, petrol, tobacco. He proposes new taxes upon railway passengers, motor-cars, servants, and places of amusement. More important still is the question of income-tax—how it is to be raised and evenly distributed. In general the country has to realise that war conditions are not conditions of peace. New taxation will limit expenditure and modify the habits of every class. But it is better to face at once the necessity of adapting ourselves to the state of war than to wait until the period of depression and reckoning has come. Among other articles of interest in the Review is Mr. Edmund Gosse's "War Poetry in France". One is particularly arrested by his account of Théodore Botrel, the soldier-laureate who has been appointed to sing his songs in the camps and hospitals of France.

"The Quarterly Review" is as good as ever. Henry Cloriston is excellent in his balanced estimate of Tasso's later verse, and Dr. E. J. Dillon studies with his usual care and grip to-day's Italy, or the *dramatis personæ* of the Italian crisis. Our new Ally has been swayed in her judgment, not by statesmen and

diplomats, either foreign or domestic, but by the ready response of a people to the call of highest duty, "a heartening instance of the law of eclectic affinity among civilised nations". Colonel Blood, in his survey of the war by land, is admirably brief and cool in his penetrating judgments. He notes that "Radical newspapers which were opposed to preparation for war in time of peace . . . are now exerting such influence as they possess to retard the organisation of the national resources." He says, too, that these resources, industrial and military, "cannot be developed to the fullest extent by disconnected individual effort; and that the attainment of the present state of development has entailed much unfairness to individuals, some dislocation of vital interests—those on which the army and our export trade depend—and the adoption of methods for stimulating recruiting which are discreditable to a great nation." The Dean of St. Paul's writes on Patriotism and challenges debate in every paragraph. "Nietzsche and German Education", by A. W. G. Randall, is another good paper full of debates; and publicists and politicians will find invaluable material in Prof. Sir W. Osler's "War, Wounds, and Disease", in Edgar Crammond's "The Economic Position of the Allied Powers", in "German Methods in Italy", by Albert Ball, and in Dr. J. P. Bate's paper on "War Zones, Blockade, Contraband, and Right of Search".

"The State of the Dead." A Sermon preached in Gloucester Cathedral, June 15, 1915. By Bishop Frodsham. Minchin and Gibbs, Gloucester. One halfpenny.

Bishop Frodsham has lived so earnestly with his fellow men that he knows and teaches with success the greatest of all lessons, that great thoughts come from the heart of a renaissance. To restore and to renew all that is best in "the simple great ones gone" is material progress; to reclaim from conventional phrases the inner essence and the life of the New Testament is Christian progress in its relation to gifts of the Spirit. Bishop Frodsham has discovered in the perils of to-day the perennial comfort that says: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends". We wish that Bishop Frodsham would compile a New Christian Year fitted for those who are passing through the spiritual renaissance effected by this war, and also as a lasting memorial of the fallen. It would be easy to find 365 good minds that would contribute a page each to the days.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- Alexander, P. F., *The North-West and North-East Passages, 1576-1611*. Cambridge Press. 2s. 6d. net.
 Archer, A. B., *Stories of Exploration and Discovery*. Cambridge Press. 2s. 6d. net.
 Ayres, R. M., *Richard Chatterton, V.C.* Hodder. 2s. net.
 Buchan, J., *Salute to Adventurers*. Nelson. 6s.
 Banerjee, P., *A Study of Indian Economics*. Macmillan. 4s. 6d. net.
 Brown, H., *The Secret of Human Power*. Allen and Unwin. 5s. net.
 Beattie, J. M., *Post-Mortem Methods*. Cambridge Press. 10s. 6d. net.
 Cohen, J., *God and Nature*. Simpkin. 3s. net.
 Eliot, E. M., *My Canada*. Hodder. 6s.
 Francis, M. E., *Pastorals of Dorset; The Manor Farm*. Longmans. 2s. 6d. net each.
 Hirst, F. W., *The Political Economy of War*. Dent. 5s. net.
 Klein-Abbé, Felix, *The Diary of a French Army Chaplain*. Melrose. 3s. 6d. net.
 London, J., *The Jacket*. Mills and Boon. 6s.
 Ludovici, A. M., *A Defence of Aristocracy*. Constable. 10s. 6d. net.
 Lodge, C. W. F., *Poems*. Cornish. 3s. 6d. net.
 Molesworth, Sir G. L., *Life of John E. M. Molesworth*. Longmans. 4s. 6d. net.
 Millis, H. A., *The Japanese Problem in the United States*. Macmillan. 6s. 6d. net.
 Pitt, W. O., *Italy and the Unholy Alliance*. Melrose. 2s. 6d. net.
 Rappoport, A. S., *A History of Poland*. Simpkin. 5s. net.
 Thorne, G., *The Secret Seaplane*. Hodder. 2s. net.
 Young, F. E. M., *The Great Unrest*. Lane. 6s.

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Speaking of the year that is past, we have, I think, every reason to be gratified with the results, since the profit shows an increase of £32,619 5s. 3d. Having regard to the highly remunerative character of certain reported transactions in the shipping world, this result, satisfactory as it is, may fall below the expectations of some amongst us; but, bearing in mind, on the one hand, the contractual obligations of the company, largely engaged in line business, and, on the other hand, the very large proportion of our fleet requisitioned—and rightly requisitioned—by the Government, you will, I think, be inclined to agree that we have a great deal to congratulate ourselves upon, and little, if anything, to lament. More than 50 per cent. of the company's fleet has for some time been, and still is, upon Government business, so that we are withheld from profiting by freight rates to anything like the same extent as ship-owners whose whole fleets are engaged in tramp business, and practically the whole of our steamers outside Government service are employed as liners, bringing food and other necessary supplies direct to this country. In common with many other shipping concerns, we have sustained some losses in our fleet through the activities of enemy submarines. The steamers Mobile, Queen Wilhelmina, and Tunisiana have been sunk—the first-named during the last financial year and the other two in May and June respectively. The losses, whether as to hull or cargo, are covered by insurance, and there was, happily, no loss of life.

In seconding the resolution, Mr. F. W. Lewis said:—

It has been suggested in some quarters that shipowners have taken advantage of the position to raise freights, but any comparison of rates of freight, without taking into account the increased war risk expenses, wages, stores, coal, and abnormal conditions at loading and discharging ports, is exceedingly misleading. It will interest you to know that the amount of premium paid out for war risk insurance alone, from the commencement of the war up to the middle of this year, by ourselves and our associated companies, amounts approximately to £350,000. Generally speaking, a very small proportion of the increase in the price of various commodities is due to freight. To take grain as an instance. The increase in the price of American grain in this country, as compared with the pre-war period, has been as much as 20s. to 30s. per quarter, but of this figure only about 5s. per quarter represents the increase in freight, out of which all the additional expenses already referred to have to be paid. Or take, again, the case of meat. The increase in the cost of meat has, I suppose, averaged something like 3d. per lb., whereas we only receive 4d. per lb. extra freight.

THRELFALL'S BREWERY.

MR. CHARLES THRELFALL, presiding at the annual meeting of Threlfall's Brewery Company, Limited, held last Thursday, said:—

Before proceeding with the meeting, it is my painful duty to state that we have lost, through death, our Mr. William Griffin, who had been associated with the company ever since it was formed. He had been one of our directors for the last eight years, and his loss we very much regret, as he had the welfare of the business at heart and always worked most harmoniously with us all. I have now great pleasure in asking you to adopt the directors' report and statement of accounts for the year ended 30 June 1915, which, I am sure, you will consider very satisfactory. The gross trading profit for the year amounts to £216,075 7s. 4d., against £209,368 2s. 6d. for 1914, which is an increase of £6,707 4s. 10d. We have written off for depreciation the sum of £56,326 14s. 2d., against £50,599 7s. 2d., being an increase of £5,727 7s.; have added £1,000 to the workmen's compensation fund; and carried forward the sum of £40,868 16s.—an increase of £1,176 19s. 2d. over that of the previous year. We have contributed £1,000 to the Prince of Wales's Fund and £200 to the Belgian Fund, which, I am sure, you will approve. You will be interested to know that 86 of our employees have joined the Colours, and that one of them—Corporal (now Sergeant) J. Borders, of Salford, Royal Lancshires—has gained the D.C.M., which was presented to him by His Majesty the King, in France. An amount of £2,052 12s. 2d. has been paid by the company, from the commencement of the war to 30 June, to the dependants of the 86, and I regret to say that two out of the number have been killed at the Front. I should like to draw your attention to the following item in the balance-sheet—namely, trade creditors and sundry credit balances for 1915, £94,879 16s. 9d. For 1914 this item amounted to £63,155 7s. 9d., so that there is an increase of £31,724 9s. This increase is principally caused by the alteration in the system of collecting the beer duty, a further credit being allowed by the Government before payment of the same has to be made. I now beg to move: "That the report and accounts be adopted, and that dividends be paid at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum on the Preference shares and at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum on the Ordinary shares for the half-year ended 30 June, which, with the interim dividend at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum, makes 9 per cent. for the year."

Mr. Peter J. Feeny, J.P., seconded the motion, which was agreed to unanimously.

The Chairman then said that owing to the death of Mr. William Griffin, and to the absence of Captain Threlfall at the Front, the directors elected Mr. Thomas Barker and Mr. William Basil Feeny as directors. He proposed their election. Mr. George Barker seconded the motion, which was carried.

RAPHAEL TUCK AND SONS.

SIR ADOLPH TUCK, Bart., presiding at the annual meeting of Raphael Tuck and Sons, Ltd., held last Wednesday, said:—

It is just twelve months ago to-day, almost to the hour, that I gave utterance to the following remark in the course of my annual address: "Unhappily, the dread spectre of war has again arisen from the stormy Balkan quarter, but it is sincerely to be hoped that the sudden and serious developments of the last few days, which bode ill for the peace of Europe, will be arrested and that diplomacy may be trusted to avert the threatened disaster." That pious hope, as you know, was, unfortunately, not realised. Within a week of that day, improbable, nay, impossible, as such an eventuality appeared at the time, war broke out—a war the like of which the world has never seen, which is still raging, and the end of which, alas! is not yet in sight. Unprecedented in its magnitude, unprecedented in its methods, it is no less unprecedented in its dire effects upon the commerce of nearly all nations, and, for the first time in the history of this business, dating back nearly half a century, the balance-sheet is on the wrong side. The very causes which hitherto contributed to the welfare and to the prosperity of the company—namely, the wide extent of its ramifications—have, in the first year of this cruel war, led to exactly the opposite results, as shown in the report in your hands. Scarcely a corner of the inhabited globe, whether in the countries actually engaged in the war or in neutral countries, but has been more or less seriously affected by this terrible conflict almost from the moment of its outbreak. It is no exaggeration when I repeat that it was the very magnitude of our operations—I use the word in a comparative sense, and as applied to our unique leading position in the art markets of the world—which intensified the losses of our company, and, trading as we do in a wide range of commodities which, however desirable in themselves, appeared in those first dark days of the war as luxuries out of keeping with the grave conflict upon which more than half the world had entered, a considerable falling off in the immediate demand for our goods was bound to be recorded. These gloomy conditions continued for some time, and it took many months for the feeling of alarm and depression which had taken possession of the world to subside, for business to resume some semblance of its former self, and for the public to realise that commodities conducing to the amenities of life are really necessary to the world even in these days of turmoil and strife, and that it was for the trade, in the first instance, to see to it that business, as far as possible, continued as usual. Your directors had taken up that standpoint from the first, and, while it was quite obvious that gross profits were being curtailed in every direction, comparatively little could be done at the time to arrest the ordinary heavy expenditure if the business was to be maintained intact; and while, under the circumstances, they felt entitled to ask practically the company's entire staff, including themselves, the Board of Directors, to make some sacrifice in the way of a temporary reduction of salaries, they recognised it as a first duty that not a single individual was sent adrift as a consequence of the war. Humanity, patriotism, self-interest—all three combined demanded that we should not add to the general feeling of dismay by compelling a single one of our employees to be out of work, and I am sure that we are already to-day reaping the benefit of that humane policy. Our great object, the preservation and consolidation of the business of the company for the future, could, in our opinion, be attained only by the adoption and maintenance of a sound, broad policy throughout, this including a fair, nay, a generous treatment of customers, many of whom had in their first alarm taken an exaggerated view of the situation, and who were met by us in an equitable, accommodating spirit with regard to the engagements they had entered into with the company. When I remind you further that our Paris house might, so far as actual business was concerned, have been entirely closed during the first four months of the war until all threatened danger of an investment of the beautiful capital of France by the German hosts had passed, that business to this day is seriously curtailed there, and, naturally enough, no less so in Russia and throughout the Balkan provinces, and, worst of all, that the remunerative Berlin company established by this company some nine years ago for the sale of our British publications was placed under official German surveillance from the first months of the war, and later on actually sequestered—that is, the entire business with the whole of its assets disposed of by the German authorities—you will not find it difficult to arrive at the conclusion of your Board that the wonder is that we have emerged from this threatening and entirely unprecedented situation with so relatively little loss to the company, and without our even finding it necessary to set up a Coalition Government.

You would probably desire me to say something on the outlook for the future. Well, the first three months of our new financial year are about to expire, and I am thus in a position to give you some indication as to the prospects for the coming year. Naturally enough, you will not expect these to be wholly satisfactory compared with the first three months' trading of preceding years, but I can conscientiously say this—the result so far is reassuring. I should like to give you the assurance of your Board that the report placed before you to-day, like all previous annual reports presented to you, combines an exact record of the past year's work and its results with a careful, conservative estimate of the standing of your company at the commencement of the new financial year. We have made every proper provision in the matter of allowances and writing off, and if we have erred at all we have done so on the right side—caution. The results of the coming year are necessarily in the lap of the future, but if present indications are maintained we certainly hope to meet you twelve months hence with a different report from that which it has been our lot to place before you to-day.

MARCONI'S WIRELESS.

SENATOR G. MARCONI, presiding at the general meeting of Marconi's Wireless Telegraph Company, Ltd., said:—

I propose with your approval to take the report as read. I have little doubt that the statement of accounts which has been submitted to you will be regarded in all the circumstances as satisfactory. I do not think that the figures need any further explanation. They exclude, however, as you have been told in the report, any remuneration from the Government for the use of the company's high-power stations since the beginning of the war, and numerous other services which the company has rendered. As no basis for remuneration has yet been settled, we have thought it better to make no estimate of this amount, but have left the whole item to be dealt with in the accounts of the current year. All that I can be permitted to tell you is that the amount of work which has been done and the services rendered are considerable, and we have very little doubt that the remuneration which will be awarded the company in due course will be proportionate to the value of the services rendered and the work done. We all realise that we are passing through most exceptional and serious times, and everybody, I am sure, will appreciate that the outbreak of hostilities at the beginning of August of last year must have caused very considerable disturbance to a world-wide business such as ours. As was to be expected, wireless telegraph apparatus was promptly declared to be contraband of war, and for the time being, therefore, our work in many parts of the world practically came to a standstill. Some of our negotiations had to be completely abandoned, and many others deferred. Our programme has consequently undergone complete dislocation, and it is quite impossible at the present moment to say to what extent, or in what way, it will be affected eventually. We can only bide our time and await events. On the other hand, our factory has been kept very fully occupied in carrying out the very important orders which we have received both from home and abroad in consequence of the war. The greater part of this work, however, will figure in the accounts of the present year. Very naturally, the businesses of our associated companies in some cases have also been very much disturbed. The American company have been deprived of the use of their transatlantic station owing to the stations on this side being required for other purposes. It is hoped, however, that in due course they will receive fair compensation. Their high-power stations, however, of San Francisco and Hawaii have been completed, and a telegraphic service is being conducted with very satisfactory results. We are daily awaiting information with regard to the opening of the service through to Japan. Arrangements have been made with the Japanese Government for the conduct of a commercial telegraph service, which they contemplated to inaugurate ere this. The Canadian company has continued to make progress, but the changes which we informed you last year were contemplated have not yet been able to be carried out owing to the war. The Argentine company have had to defer for the present work upon their high-power station which they proposed to construct. The Belgian company continues to conduct its business from our office in Marconi House under the direction of the English directors of that company, Mr. Godfrey Isaacs and Captain Sankey. The business is progressing satisfactorily, but it has been quite impossible to make up any balance-sheet. The French company has continued to do a satisfactory business, and has paid for 1914 a dividend similar to that of 1913. The Marconi International Marine Communication Company, Ltd., has continued to show satisfactory progress, although it has not been altogether free from losses directly arising from the state of war. Our Russian company had a very good year, and has paid a dividend of 15 per cent., as compared with 6 per cent. for 1913. They have a considerable amount of work in hand and are doing a very satisfactory business. The Spanish company's negotiations with the Spanish Government, to which reference was made last year, were not facilitated by the outbreak of war. They have, however, continued to make progress, and we are now advised that they are assured of an early and satisfactory termination. The development of the Automatic Telephone Company has not made much commercial progress in consequence, of course, of the war. With regard to the Imperial chain, you will remember that in their report of last year the directors informed you that they were permitted to make but slow progress with the erection of the six high-power stations for which they had contracted with His Majesty's Postmaster-General, and the company's interests were being seriously prejudiced thereby. Within a few days of our general meeting war was declared, and at the end of the year the Postmaster-General informed the company that owing to the altered circumstances resulting from the war the Government had decided not to proceed with the Imperial wireless chain. We were further informed that the governing factors in determining the Imperial scheme would be better met by means other than the construction of stations of the character and in the situations contemplated by the contract for the Imperial chain, and that the amounts disbursed by the company in respect of the contract would be refunded to us. Subsequently, in February, negotiations were entered into with His Majesty's Government for the erection of certain stations on conditions differing from those contained in the original scheme. Negotiations are proceeding on a basis which, if agreed to, would represent to the company a reasonable equivalent of the terms of the 1913 contract. Nothing, however, has yet been definitely decided. Since I last addressed you there have been some important developments in the art of wireless telegraphy, and we have applied for several new patents. It would be inadvisable, however, for me to give any further information upon this subject at the present time.

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